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Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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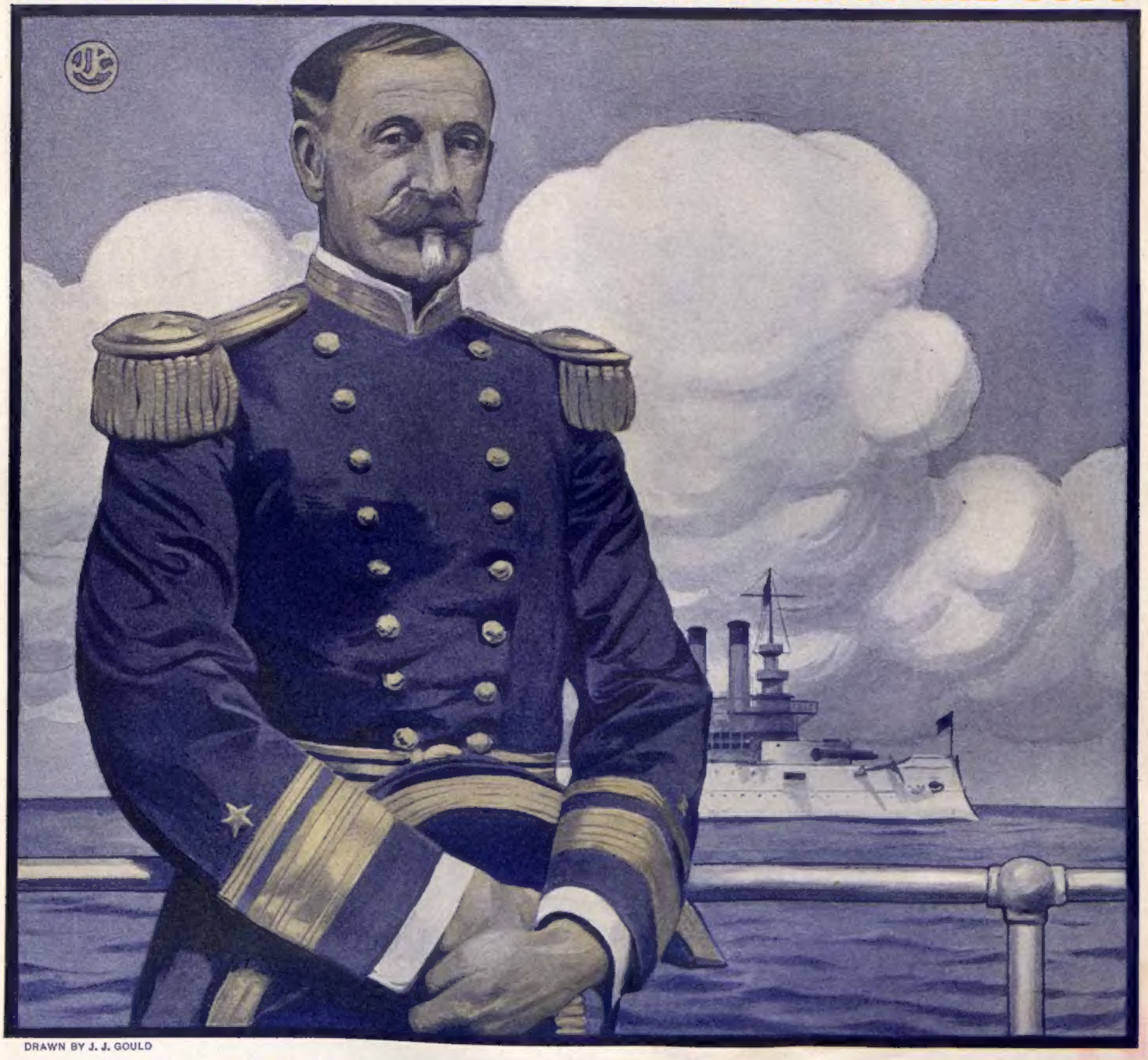

DRAWN BY J. J. GOULD

THE FIGHT OFF SANTIAGO

By REAR-ADMIRAL WINFIELD S. SCHLEY

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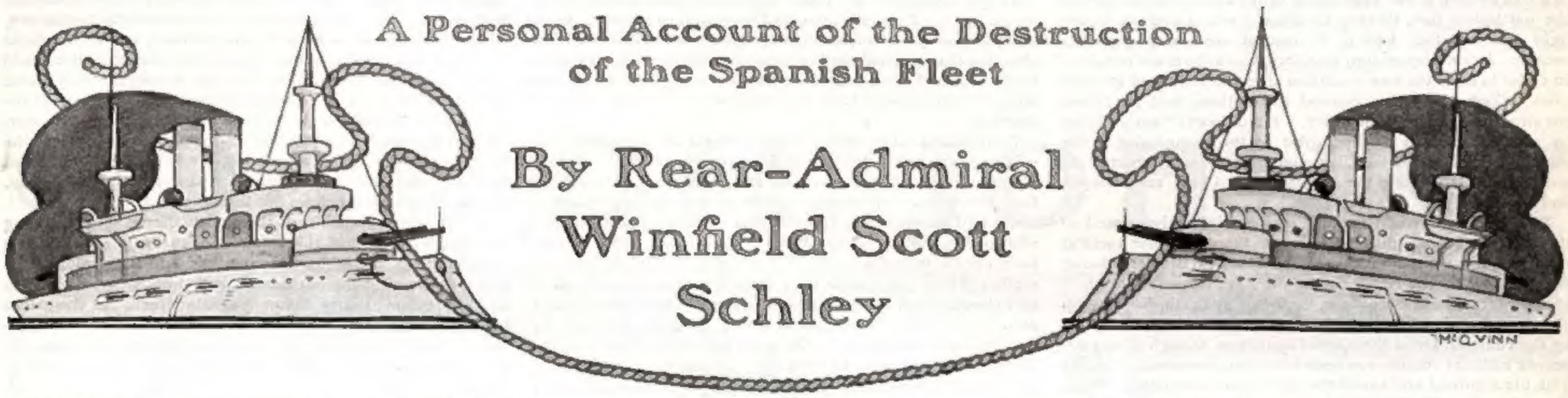
The Fight off Santiago

A Personal Account of the Destruction of the Spanish Fleet



By Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley

AT ABOUT 8:45 A. M. of July 3, 1898, the flag orderly of the Brooklyn reported that a signal had been made from the New York to "Disregard movements of the commander-in-chief," and that the flagship had gone eastward at high speed; also, that the Massachusetts had withdrawn from the blockade during the middle watch (12 to 4 A. M.) and had gone eastward. Where either ship had gone, or for what purpose, had not been vouchsafed to the commander of the second squadron, whose flag, thus left on the blockading lines in accordance with the naval regulations, constituted the commander of the second squadron the senior officer present in command.

The regulations of the navy settle that beyond any doubt, by fixing the responsibility of such officer when the service exigencies impose such duties upon him. The unwritten customs for centuries for governing or for controlling such matters have been gathered into a written code for the service guidance. The theory upon which all military organization is based, whether a squad or a squadron, is that no element of such organization can ever be left without a responsible commander, and no military exigency can occur in war when such a force is ever left without some one in control. The dates of commission held by officers is for the purpose of fixing this very question. The different graduations in the non-commissioned ranks are but the continuation of the line of command, in case the ravages of battle remove one after another in the commissioned grades. There must be some one upon whom the responsibility of success or defeat can be imposed.

From a confidential document under the title, "Executive C, Third Session, Fifty-fifth Congress," a communication by Mr. Long respecting "advancements in the navy," it is seen that the commander-in-chief's movements to Siboney on that morning were *under orders from the Department to meet General Shafter*. This order, then, furnishes an explanation of the commander-in-chief's signal and subsequent movements eastward on July 3. It supplies, too, evidence of temporary assignment to a new duty, taking him on shore to the headquarters of the army. It fixes incontestably, also, the status of the commander of the second squadron as senior officer present in command before Santiago after Sampson's withdrawal.

When Sir John Jervis, one of England's great sea fighters of a hundred years ago, dispatched Nelson in May, 1798, to intercept the great French armament prepared under Napoleon Bonaparte's guidance to reach Egypt in order to menace England's route to India, Nelson's fleet, crippled by a gale, reached Toulon too late. The French squadron eluded Nelson and reached Aboukir Bay July 1. In seeking the French squadron Nelson divined its purpose to be to reach Egypt, and he arrived at Aboukir Bay on June 28, three days before the French arrived. Believing the enemy still at sea, Nelson made a circuit of Crete to the shores of Sicily, and back again to the shores of Greece, where he learned that the French had made good their landing in Egypt. He set out from the Gulf of Coron, and on August 1, just one month after the French arrived at Aboukir Bay, Nelson descried them in that port. The battle which took place on that memorable night in 1798 history accords rightly to Nelson, though his command was a division of Sir John Jervis' fleet.

From that day to this no military man has ever claimed that the glory of Aboukir Bay, or, as better known, the Battle of the Nile, was in any respect shared by the grand and great Jervis, who was Nelson's commander-in-chief. It made no difference then, and it makes none to-day, whether a commander-in-chief be eleven miles or 1100 miles away from the scene of an action in which he did not participate. History will always grant the guerdon of victory to that commander who fights and wins the battle. If the battle here related had miscarried, or if, through mismanagement, Cervera or any of his ships had escaped that day, there would have been no difficulty whatever about who was in command, or who would have had to bear the censure. It is as certain, in that event, that there would have been no effort to prove that the New York was within signal distance, no claim that it was a captains' battle, nor any other of the sophistries that were invented in the aftermath of controversy about this great victory.

No instance is recalled where great success was won in battle when every participant was not anxious to share in the glory, but no instance is remembered where any subordinate ever desired to share with his superior the odium of defeat. Santiago alone would be unique as one of the world's great battles won without anybody being in command. If defeat had occurred the commander of the second squadron would have had to take his medicine just the same.

While the squadron's strength was thus reduced, we know to-day from the contributions of the Spanish officers, published afterward by the Office of Naval Intelligence, and, therefore, official, that Captain Concas made a reconnaissance at the mouth of the harbor on the morning of the battle in order to learn the disposition of the American fleet. The absence of the New York and Massachusetts must have impressed him as giving Cervera the most opportune moment he had had for the sortie he made at 9:35 A. M. on July 3, 1898, when the Spanish squadron, regardless of the torpedoes in the channel, was discovered filing out.

The day chosen was beautiful, with occasional clouds passing across the skies. The land breeze seemed to have continued a little longer than usual off shore that morning. After breakfasting, a little after eight o'clock, a walk of a few moments was taken on deck to survey the situation with glasses. The Brooklyn was lying at this time about 6000 yards from the Morro, on a line of bearing northeast by north and southwest by south, her assigned position.

Going below for a few moments to change into Sunday rig, then returning on deck to a seat under a small awning spread on the after part of the quarterdeck to protect the officers from the great heat of the sun as it mounted higher and higher in its course across the sky, a more careful survey of the situation was made by the commander. Only a little while afterward a call was heard from the forward bridge to the after one to "tell the commodore that the Spanish fleet is coming out!" The time of this call from the forward bridge is fixed by the fact that it was Sunday morning, and that, as customary, the crew had been called to inspection at 9:30 A. M., and that the crew had assembled. It could not have been later than 9:35 A. M. that the sortie was reported.

The Brooklyn's head at this moment was in the direction of Cabañas Cove, to the westward of the entrance to Santiago, or to the westward of north. The enemy's ships were seen from the starboard side of the Brooklyn's quarterdeck coming out. The Texas was approximately a point or more abaft the Brooklyn's starboard beam, heading to the eastward. The Iowa was slightly ahead of the Texas, or, looking from the Brooklyn, to the left of the Texas, and eastward. The Oregon was east again of the Iowa. The Indiana was still east of the Oregon, while the Gloucester appeared to be lying near Aguadores, and the Vixen near Cabañas. The New York was out of sight and signal distance, even with glasses from the forward bridge. She was in the bight at Siboney, ten or eleven miles eastward of the Santiago entrance. There is no doubt about this fact, which had to be decided in order to determine the authority the commander of the second squadron had to exercise in the action then to be fought.

Position was taken on a wooden platform, caused to be built some weeks before around the conning-tower and raised about three feet above the deck, in order to be in touch with Captain Cook during battle and for better observation of the field. Only a few moments had elapsed when Captain Cook joined the commander of the second squadron. Mr. Hodgson, the navigating officer, sang out from the bridge to the captain something about being connected up, and to the commander of the second squadron, "Commodore, they are coming right at us!" He was directed to "go right for them!" As the helm had been put aport, to bring the Brooklyn's head toward the Spanish squadron, the order was given to Cook: "Ahead, full speed!" and to the flag-lieutenant to signal "Clear ship for action," that being done to get rid of temporary railings and awnings and to protect the crew, following that signal with "close up," or "close action," explaining quickly to Cook the nature of these signals, and directing him to maintain the action at about 1000 yards, so as to be a little outside the effective torpedo range of the Spanish vessels. Much was to depend upon the Brooklyn that day, in the absence of the New York, which was the only other ship with sufficient speed to have kept up if our lines had been broken through, as, indeed, did happen.

Captain Cook replied that "we should soon be in the cross-fire of our own ships." His attention was called to the possible dashes of torpedo boats, and it is recalled that he directed Lieutenant-Commander Mason to detail two or

three rapid-fire guns for especial use against them if any such attempts were made. The first gun from the Brooklyn was fired by Lieutenant Simpson from the forward turret almost directly over the bow.

The leading ship, Teresa, evidently intended to ram, and we now know that this was the Spanish plan of battle; but, being driven off by the rapid fire, she made a sudden rank sheer to the westward, leaving a small gap between herself and the ship immediately following, which was recognized afterward as the Viscaya. The distance at this time was reported to be 900 yards, but for some reason the Viscaya, also intending to ram, gave up the idea and sheered westward to follow the Teresa.

The Brooklyn was steering a course diametrically opposite to that steered by the Spanish fleet, and it was apparent that the original plan, to rush in upon the enemy as his squadron was emerging from the channel, and sink it, had failed. The Spanish squadron had practically broken through and passed the battleship line, thereby creating a new situation in the fight and one that had to be met at once to prevent its escape. A new disposition, therefore, had to be made instantly in order to meet the new condition after the failure of the first plan. Cook, under his general instructions, had perceived the situation, and gave the order, "Hard aport!" anticipating by a few seconds a similar order by the commander of the second squadron. Flag-Lieutenant Sears was ordered to hoist signal, "Follow the flag," which Clark saw, obeyed and repeated.

The Brooklyn swung rapidly and continuously around to the westward through a little more than half her tactical diameter, to west southwest—the full tactical diameter being the diameter of the circle she would have turned through if she had returned to the course, northeast by north, from which she was started. The order to port the helm was not given by the commander of the second squadron, though it was the proper military manœuvre under the circumstances. It met with his approval and saved the day beyond any doubt. But, observing that the Brooklyn's bow was swinging rapidly to starboard, the inquiry was made of Captain Cook whether the "helm was hard aport?" The proximity of the Brooklyn, at the time of the turn, to the second ship, afterward recognized as the Viscaya, is remembered distinctly from the fact that a number of men were running on her decks between the superstructure and her forward turret, and that daylight was observed by the naked eye between their legs as they ran.

There was no colloquy of any kind, or of any character, with any one at the time about the turn, and none would have been permitted with any officer. That was one of many fictions that grew up, among others, six or eight months after the fight. Among them was the Texas incident. That ship was never for a moment in the least danger from the Brooklyn. During the turn her distance was never nearer than 500 or 600 yards from the Brooklyn. Some testimony before the Court of Inquiry, in 1901, placed her at much greater distance. During the turn the starboard side of the Texas was never seen from the Brooklyn at all.

As recalled to-day, the leading ship of the Spanish squadron was a little abaft the port beam of the Brooklyn before the turn began, and, when the half-circle had been turned through, that vessel was ahead on the Brooklyn's starboard bow. All four of the Spanish ships and the Socapa battery were firing at the Brooklyn, for it is remembered distinctly that the jets of water from impinging shells around the Brooklyn were countless, and the unbroken roar of projectiles passing over her was akin to that of a passing train of cars. Up to this moment of the action there was not the slightest evidence perceptible that the enemy's ships had been injured. It was apprehended that, notwithstanding our vigilance and waiting, those ships had broken through our lines and would escape.

Enter the Oregon in Full Chase

IT WAS felt and remarked at that time to Captain Cook that we were alone in the fight and would, perhaps, have to bear the brunt alone, as it was not thought that any of the battleships could develop speed enough to keep up. There was hardly any hope that the Brooklyn alone could withstand the continuous artillery fire of the Spanish fleet; nevertheless it was determined to stay with them, be the consequences what they might. After a few moments the enemy's ships appeared to have broken up a little, though still in some formation. Looking astern at this moment, the Oregon was seen breaking through the cloud of smoke enveloping the entire field of battle. She had what sailors call "a tremendous bone in her mouth," and was following the flag, as Clark had seen the signals, "Follow the flag" and "Close up." This brought a change in the situation, and from that moment the result was in no degree doubtful.

For the next fifteen minutes, with Clark on the Brooklyn's quarter, the fighting was terrific. Both ships were a sheet of flame fore and aft, and what rapid gunfire meant was truly realized. Not many minutes had passed in this terrific onslaught before the leading ship of the enemy was observed to be badly hurt and wobbling like a bird wounded, and apparently lagging. Smoke was seen issuing from her ports, and, but a few minutes afterward, from her hatches, in columns mounting straight into the air. It was ominous of her end in the fight and clear that one of the enemy had been knocked out. It was remarked to Cook, standing near, that "we have got one. Keep the boys below informed of all the movements. They can't see, and they want to know." Cook did this every few moments throughout the action, and the cheering that reached the bridge indicated the delight of those below. The Teresa turned in for the beach, on fire fore and aft, and ran ashore about six miles west of the entrance to Santiago.

It appeared to be only a short interval of time afterward when a second ship, the Oquendo, was observed to be on fire. She, too, had suffered severely, and, like the first, wobbled for a while and then turned inshore on fire, and was beached about half a mile west of the Teresa. She had been riddled with shells. This left the Viscaya and Colon. The former took a position in the lead to the westward, on the Brooklyn's starboard bow, appearing for a while to outfoot the Brooklyn and Oregon; but it was not so, in fact. The Colon worked more inshore toward the beach out of the fire, and from the time the first two ships had dropped out of the fight until the Viscaya had turned in to the beach, on fire and beaten, was, perhaps, thirty minutes. During this duel the Brooklyn and the Oregon had so gained on the retreating ships that the Viscaya was abeam, or nearly so. She had been savagely punished in the interim and, only a moment before turning in, she appeared to turn as if coming toward the Brooklyn and Oregon, but at this moment a heavy explosion under her port bow took place, doubtless from a shell from one of the opposing ships. Then she turned inshore, with a list to port so marked it was thought she would capsize in deep water. Her colors were hauled down and she fled in her turn inshore, on fire fore and aft, and was beached on the reef at Aserradera, about fifteen or sixteen miles west of Santiago.

During the terrific onslaught of the Spanish column, after the Brooklyn's turn, all the signal halyards were shot away, and in the solicitude felt for the safety of the Viscaya's people, the signal officer, Ensign Edward McCauley, was directed to make signal to the Texas to save the people of the Viscaya. In a few minutes McCauley returned and reported that during the ferocious onslaught of the Spanish ships to the eastward the signal halyards had been shot away and that the Texas was so far astern he had been unable to attract her attention with the "wig-wag," as the army code is known on board ship.

The observation was made to him, "Never mind, Philip is always sensible; he needs no instruction about such things." During the onslaught referred to the iron speed-cone fell, striking the rail of the bridge where the commander of the second squadron was standing. Its halyards having been shot away, the cone fell from the signal yardarm, and if it had struck any one serious if not fatal injury would have resulted from the blow.

During the engagement with the Viscaya the smoke at times was so dense that inquiry was made of one of the marines in the forward military top as to the effect of the fire upon that ship. His reply that he could see none of the shots striking the water left the impression that they must, then, be striking that ship. It proved to be correct. Being anxious, too, about the ranges, that neither the Viscaya nor the Colon should get out of good fighting range, descent was made to the platform on the deck below, around the outside of the fighting tower, where Yeoman Ellis was stationed to give the ranges shown by the stadimeter to the captain, who communicated them from time to time during the battle to the different divisions. Ellis reported that the Brooklyn was maintaining about the same range, but to eyes sensitively trained in judging distances it appeared that the interval was growing.

Ellis went toward the side a second time to verify the range. He had advanced only a few feet when he was struck in the face by a large shell and fell, instantly dead, only a few feet away. It was a shocking scene to those who had never before witnessed such things. Ensign McCauley and Doctor DuValin, who were near by, picked up the headless body and carried it to the ship's side. At that moment, happening to look in that direction, and divining their intention to throw the body overboard, of course, thoughtlessly, I called to them, "No! Do not throw that body overboard! One who has fallen so gallantly deserves the honors of Christian burial!" The body was reverently laid beside the turret and covered over till place and time could be found to bury it with the honors of war after the battle was over.

The Colon was left and had worked her way in close to the beach, apparently as if seeking some favorable place to run ashore to save the crew and escape. It was surmised that the sight her crew had witnessed astern, as one after another of the ships of her squadron had been vanquished and had fled to the beach, had suggested to her commander the utter uselessness of attempting further resistance when he could end matters at once. Signal was made to cease firing, and instructions were given to let the men have a hasty luncheon in the cooler air above decks, after the Viscaya had been driven from the combat, it being evident that the Colon could not escape. Before the end came to the Colon, in the chase outward to the Turquino River, directions were given to get up a number of extra rounds for the battery, so that, should the remaining ship venture out of the bight to escape, she must pass very close, when the Brooklyn would be able to pump iron into her for a few minutes, which would end her in short order. Cook suggested, also, that even if she did, unluckily, escape the victory already gained was overwhelming; but when Nelson's disappointment over the escape of two ships at Aboukir Bay was recalled he agreed with the commander of the second squadron that, if necessary, the Brooklyn should chase her to Cadiz.

It was noticed, also, that the motion of the ship in rolling was not natural, and this suggested an examination of the compartments below by the carpenter, which developed the fact that the after compartment was full of water, thought to be due to some injury below the water-line. As the extent of the damage or its cause was not known, it was held to be wiser to wait until the ship could reach smoother water, to facilitate better handling, if the damage should be found to be under water.

As ship after ship fell out of the line of battle they were disregarded, as it was felt that those vessels which were unable to keep up the pace of the Brooklyn and Oregon would take care to save the prisoners.

After the first few moments of the battle the field was so covered with smoke that the Indiana and Gloucester could not be seen, except occasionally. They were seen advancing and were believed to be doing good work, but the battle changed so rapidly westward that their share in the work was not under the eye of the commander of the second squadron.

The Surrender of the Colon

ABOUT 12:50 P. M. the Brooklyn and Oregon had overhauled the Colon so much as to have her in range of the thirteen and eight inch guns of both ships. Signal was made to the Oregon to try her thirteen-inch guns, with the result that the first shell fell apparently close under the Colon's stern. Another passed over and beyond her. An eight-inch shell from the Brooklyn passed over her, and others from both ships fell close. One of the eight-inch shells from the Brooklyn fell beyond, as the jet of water when it impinged beyond the Colon was seen plainly from the bridge. This firing appeared to convince Captain Moron, of the Colon, that further resistance was hopeless, so he caused a gun to be fired to leeward, a signal of surrender, hauled down his flag, and ran his ship ashore at 1:15 P. M. on the bar at the mouth of the Turquino River, distant about forty-three miles from the entrance to Santiago, off which the Virginius had been seized, some twenty-five years before, and carried into Santiago, where many of her crew were shot by General Buriel's orders.

Signal was made to "Cease firing; the enemy has surrendered." Both the Brooklyn and Oregon bore down upon the Colon and were within a few hundred yards of her about 1:30 P. M., with the batteries of both ships trained upon her. A boat was lowered as quickly as possible, and Captain F. A. Cook was sent on board to demand unconditional surrender. The flag-lieutenant, Lieutenant B. W. Wells, Ensign Halligan and Boatswain Hill accompanied Captain Cook to assist him in the ceremonies of the surrender.

The fight having ended at 1:15 P. M., a natural interest in the vessels following prompted a survey of the horizon with glasses. The masts of two ships and the smoke only of a third were descried away on the horizon. Later, the first two were discovered to be the Texas and Vixen. The third, whose smoke was visible, proved to be the New York, which arrived on the scene at 2:33 P. M., one hour and eight minutes after the battle had ended. If the New York was making at that time the speed of seventeen knots, as Captain Chadwick reported in his letter dated July 29, 1898, to the commander-in-chief at Guantanamo, then at the time of the Colon's surrender she could not have been nearer than about nineteen miles—too far to be within seeing distance, and too far away to be anywhere within signal distance when this great battle ended.

A conspicuous figure on board the Brooklyn in that day's fight was Mr. George E. Graham, of Albany, New York, the correspondent of the Associated Press. Though short in stature, Mr. Graham was long in courage. In the smoke and din of battle he fearlessly sought the best point of observation to record the incidents of the action. He was the only correspondent with the fleet who witnessed the combat under fire from beginning to end, or whose account of the battle was written from observation of its details from the very commencement to the final gun fired.

The grand result of the day was that the Brooklyn and the Oregon won a renown which cannot be" impugned by disappointment, or mitigated by jealousy, or contemned by envy, as long as justice holds empire in the reason of our countrymen!"

As the New York was approaching the final scene of the tragedy, signal was made from the Brooklyn, "We have gained a great victory; details will be communicated." This signal was kept flying quite half an hour before it was answered by the New York, but the omission was thought to arise from the fact that the New York was at too great a distance to read it. When it finally was answered, however, it was in the form of an order to "Report your casualties." It is to be regretted that no word of congratulation, so much valued by men and officers on such occasions, issued from the flagship. Notwithstanding this, at 2:15 P. M., while the New York was still some two miles away, another signal was made from the Brooklyn, "This is a great day for our country!" This signal was merely acknowledged with an answering pennant, but no answer otherwise was made.

At 2:23 P. M. the New York arrived and steamed into a position between the Brooklyn and the Colon. Cook had been detained for some time on board the Colon in arranging the surrender; when this was concluded he was returning as the New York arrived, and was ordered on board that ship to make a report. As Cook's orders were given by the commander of the second squadron, it would have relieved the official records of an error if the latter officer had been able to say that no orders had been given by him that the Spanish officers in surrendering unconditionally should retain their effects. It would have given the opportunity to state that the Oregon did not take a "front position in the chase." The Oregon's services on the day of battle were superb: her position was always close to the Brooklyn from beginning to end, but she was at no time ahead. Clark's testimony at the inquiry, three years afterward, is conclusive upon this point and settles for all time the Oregon's position as well as the part taken by the two ships in the result of the day's battle.

As soon as Cook returned from the New York the commander of the second squadron went in the same boat to the New York to report, as customary. As this boat shoved off from the ship's side, with the commodore's pennant flying from a staff in the bow, the crews of the Brooklyn, Oregon, Texas and Vixen manned the rail, shouting in tumultuous huzzas that fairly shook the air. It was a tribute of confidence, an expression of approval in the very smoke of battle that cannot be dimmed or diminished by envious disappointment shown afterward.

Arriving on board the New York, the commander-in-chief received the commander of the second squadron. Very naturally, he appeared to be disappointed that an unfortunate circumstance had prevented the New York from participating in the glories of that day's work. After running hastily over the events of the battle the suggestion was made to hoist our flag over the Colon, coupled with the offer of the boat flag of the Brooklyn's boat for that purpose. This was declined by Captain Chadwick, who had a flag of the New York brought up from below for this duty. Several officers of the New

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COAL OIL JOHNNY

A Study in Social Reform

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

IT WAS eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and on the veranda of Mrs. Hemingway's house three young girls were gathered in conversation. Below them a garden ran to the water's edge and gave access to a wooden pier projecting some thirty or forty feet beyond. Here, in the mimic harbor formed by a sharp turn of the shore and the line of piles on which the pier was supported, rode the Hemingway fleet at their moorings: a big, half-decked catboat, a gasoline launch, an Indian canoe and two trim gigs. Here, too, under the kindly lee of a small boathouse, the Hemingway crew lay stretched in slumber, his head pillowed on an ancient jib, and his still smoking pipe fallen from his unconscious lips. A Hemingway puppy was stalking some Hemingway tomtits, in the bland, leisurely, inoffensive manner of one whose intentions were not serious; and the picture was completed by a Hemingway cat, with a blue ribbon round its neck, which was purring to itself in the serenity that a stray page of the Sunday supplement never yet afforded man.

The wide, shady veranda was articulate of summer and girls and gayety, and of all that pleasant, prosperous American homeliness that we see so much of in life and hear so little about in fiction. Hammocks, rocking-chairs and rugs were scattered about in a comfortable, haphazard fashion; a tea-table here was stacked high with novels and magazines; a card-table there bore a violin, a couple of tennis racquets, a silver-handled crop and a box of papa's second-best cigars. (The really-truly best were under the basket-work sofa.) There was also a sewing-machine, a music-stand, a couple of dogs asleep on the floor, a family Bible full of pressed wild flowers, a twenty-two bore rifle, and the messy remains of a Latin exercise that the son of the house had recently been engaged upon before being called away to play Indian.

Dolly Hemingway, a handsome, fair-haired, imperious-looking girl, was lolling in a hammock, directing the deliberations of Sattie Felton, aged seventeen, who was sitting on the floor holding a dog's head in her lap, and of Jess Hardy, aged twenty, who was in possession of a stool and a box of chocolate creams. A very important matter was being discussed, and that was why everybody was talking at once, and how it came about that a young man passed unnoticed through the cool, darkened rooms of the house and appeared without warning before the little group—a tall, bulky young man, with an air of diffidence on his honest, sunburned face, and a general awkwardness of movement that seemed to betray a certain doubt as to his welcome. He stammered out something like "Good-morning," and then stood there, hat in hand, waiting for the massacre to begin.

"Mr. Bassity!" exclaimed Dolly Hemingway, straightening up in the hammock, and staring at him with cold, gray eyes. The bulky young man faltered, tried to find some reassurance in the no less chilling faces of Sattie Felton and Jess Hardy, and then said, "How do you do!" in a voice of extreme dejection.

"It is the custom here," said Dolly in cutting accents, "for a gentleman, when he calls upon a lady, to announce himself first at the door!"

"And be told she's out," said Mr. Bassity, timidly defiant. "Call next day, and out too! Call next week and still out!"

"When you've made a closer study of the social system," began Miss Hemingway—"*our* social system, which seems in vogue everywhere except the place *you* come from—you will discover that such little subterfuges save painful interviews."

"Oh, now, girls, don't be hard on me," said Mr. Bassity, sitting down uninvited, and speaking with the most disarming contrition. "We all used to be such good friends once, and now, for the life of me, I don't know what's the matter. I valued your friendship tremendously—valued it more than I can tell—and now I'm losing it without even knowing why. It cuts a fellow; it's humiliating; it's crool, that's what it is, awful crool, and I'll tell you the straight-out truth that I've cried over it!"

He looked quite capable of crying over it again, and his honest, manly face bore mute witness to his words. Though addressing himself to Miss Hemingway, his eyes were more often fixed on Jess Hardy, and it was plain that it was her good opinion he valued most. But she was as merciless as Dolly, and showed not the least sign of relenting.

"We have decided that we do not care for the further pleasure of your acquaintance," said Miss Hemingway. "It's a disagreeable thing to have to say—but it's the truth! We liked you at first because there was something breezy and Western about you; then you got breezier and Westerner till it was more than the traffic could stand."

"Now, see here," broke out Mr. Bassity in pleading accents, "have I ever done anything caddish or ungentlemanly—intentionally, I mean—anything that could possibly justify my being dropped like this—that could——"

"Perhaps not intentionally," interrupted Miss Hemingway, "though it's no good your coming around here to say you didn't know any better. You ought to have known better, that's all."

"Known what?" bleated Mr. Bassity. "In Heaven's name, tell me *what?*"

"Oh, it isn't one thing—it's a thousand," said Dolly. "It's—it's—general social ineptitude!"

Mr. Bassity looked more depressed than ever. He didn't know what the word meant, and it seemed to cover a terrifying accusation. He was seen silently making a note of it for a future reference to a dictionary.

"I'm just a rough, uncouth fellow," said he at last. "I know that well enough without three young ladies telling me so. An oil man—a successful oil man—hasn't much chance to cultivate the social graces. If he can keep on the right side of common honesty he has done more than most. I guess even our best people out there would give you a shock—and I don't pretend I even ran with them!"

"That's the most redeeming thing you've said yet," remarked Jess.

"Oh, they wouldn't have me," remarked Coal Oil Johnny with fatal truthfulness.

"All you need is toning down," said Miss Hemingway, with a suspicion of kindness in her voice. "You're too exuberant, that's all. You're always rushing in where angels fear to tread, till it has grown on you like a habit. When other people stop you're just beginning!"

"Couldn't you give me another chance?" he asked, still with his eyes pathetically on Jess Hardy's face. "Just one more chance to try and hit it off better next time? Now, just sit up, every one of you, and tell me frankly what I've done to offend you—stamp all over me—bite my head off—and then let's begin again with a clean slate, and see if I can't buck up!"

"I'll leave it to the general vote," said Miss Hemingway. "You certainly have a very winning nature in some ways—and who knows?—you might possibly do better after this awful warning. Only you mustn't come round here next time demanding explanations. The next time will be positive and final. Yes," she went on, "I propose that Mr. Bassity be given a good talking to, and then have his name put on the probation list."

"Poor Mr. Bassity," said Sattie Felton. "I second the motion for reinstating him temporarily!"

Jess Hardy was not so quick in giving her decision. In her girlish heart she enjoyed the big man's discomfiture, and was mischievous enough to prolong his suspense. She knew that to him her opinion was the most important of all, and this gave her an added pleasure in withholding her verdict. All three looked at her as she bent her pretty brows and seemed to weigh the question. She was a Southerner, and her French-Spanish blood betrayed itself in her grace, her little slender hands and feet, and the type of her dark and unusual beauty. She was more a woman than either Dolly or Sattie, and the fact that Mr. Bassity was desperately in love with her fanned within her breast a willful desire to torment him.

"Let me think!" she said.

"'Pon my soul——" began that unfortunate young man, boisterously attempting to sway her judgment.

"Hush!" exclaimed Sattie Felton.

"She's thinking," said Miss Hemingway severely.

Mr. Bassity noisily subsided.

"I don't know whether it's worth while to forgive him," said Jess at last. "He's so incorrigible—so wild and woolly, you know—and if you're nice to him he's like one of those big dogs that want to jump all over you!"

"Oh, Miss Hardy, please, please——!" cried Coal Oil Johnny.

"Well, I won't hang the jury," continued Jess; "only it must be understood that we have the privilege of making a few remarks."

Mr. Bassity made a pantomime of baring his breast.

"Strike!" he said.

"You first," said Dolly to Jess.

"Last Tuesday I was playing golf at the links," began that young lady vindictively. "Mr. Bassity volunteered to call for me at four and take me home in his French automobile. I knew we were going too fast and said so twice, but he only answered, 'Oh, bother,' or something equally polite and gracious. Then as we raced into Franklin Street we found a rope across it and sixteen policemen waiting to arrest us! Pleasant, wasn't it—with a million people looking on, and my picture next day in the paper? I was so mortified that I could have cried, and I can't think of it even now without burning all over."

"Perhaps the prisoner might care to offer some explanation?" suggested Miss Hemingway.

"Well, really, it was most unfortunate," admitted Coal Oil Johnny. "The fact is, the low gear is chewed up on that car, and I've always been forced to run it on the intermediate—and the most you can throttle down the intermediate to is eighteen miles an hour!"

"The legal speed being six, I believe," icily interjected Miss Hardy.

"I don't know what the silly law is," continued Mr. Bassity, "but the only way to obey it would be to get out and push the car. Couldn't ask a lady to do that, could I?"

"You could have thrown in your intermediate and then thrown it out again, and run on momentum," said Miss Hardy. "That's automobile A B C!"

"Oh, but my dear girl," protested Coal Oil Johnny, "the clutches on that car are something fierce, and half the time the intermediate won't mesh. When you're lucky enough to get it in, of course you keep it in."

"Yes, and get arrested," said Miss Hardy, "and give your passenger such notoriety, not to speak of shaking up her happy home and getting her allowance stopped for a month."

Mr. Bassity looked acutely miserable. To have brought penury to his lady-love struck him to the heart.

"I'm the most wretched fellow alive," he said. "If ever there was a child of misfortune, it's me. I can only throw myself on the mercy of the court and grovel—yes, grovel—if you'll show me a place to grovel in and teach me how!"

"Have you anything else against the prisoner?" inquired Miss Hemingway of Jess.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT HAPPENED QUICKER THAN IT TAKES TO WRITE IT

"About sixty-five other complaints," assented that young lady. "But I'll let it go at this, which was the worst of all."

"Miss Sattie Felton, what have *you* against the unhappy wretch who stands trembling at the bar of justice?" asked the self-appointed president of the court.

"Last Sunday I was at the Country Club with papa," said Miss Felton. "The prisoner engaged in an altercation with my male parent on the subject of religion, said parent being a man of strong views and short temper. Said parent, however, being a man of the world as well, tried to evade an argument and escape, but was penned up in a corner for ten purple minutes. Said afterward he had never been so affronted in all his life; explodes even now at the recollection; calls the prisoner a word that begins with a B, contains a double O and ends with R!"

At this staggering blow poor Coal Oil Johnny covered his face with his hands and groaned.

"It's all true," he said, "only I was kind of goaded into it. I began by my saying that if religious people would only be Christians, too, the world would be a better place to live in!"

"The court is now going to get in its own little knife," said Miss Hemingway. "The court, in a moment of generous weakness, verging on imbecility, invited, or, rather, caused to be invited, the prisoner to dinner. Prisoner, through the absence of one lady from the party, was placed next to a distinguished young sociologist. Of course, in his usual headlong and unrestrained manner, the prisoner had to teach the distinguished young sociologist a thing or two he didn't know about sociology. Roared at him! Yes, ladies of the jury, positively roared at him, and beat on the table, extra, with his fist!"

"But he was such an ass," said the prisoner.

"No reason at all why you should roar at him," said the court, "and disturb everybody and make them feel uncomfortable."

"An awful ass," persisted the prisoner.

"The world is full of them," said the court. "If you were to roar at every one you meet you'd never have time for anything else. Life would degenerate into one long roar. Everybody knows that Professor Titcombe is a ninny and an idiot, but the decencies of intercourse require you to say 'How nice!' or 'How interesting!' to the remarks he makes."

"But he had never even been in Colorado," vociferated Coal Oil Johnny. "It was all lies and hearsay and gas. But *I* had, and I know all about it, and if you want proof I have a scar on my head where a dago shot me at Telluride!"

"Prisoner's motion to show scar overruled," said the court.

"Isn't it about time to let me off?" pleaded Mr. Bassity. "Surely I've listened like a lamb to everything you've said to me? I've been slapped on one cheek and then on the other, and if I haven't always come up smiling it isn't that I haven't tried. It stings a fellow to hear such things to his face; it hurts a fellow more than I think you know; for I may not be up to the general standard of your friends, but I guess my feelings are just as sensitive, and my regard and respect for all three of you is not anyways behind theirs. I daresay this has amused you very much, and I don't grudge for a minute the fun you may have had out of it—but suppose we call it off now and be friends again, and—and—talk about something else!"

There was something so naive and affecting in Bassity's plea for mercy that for a moment his three persecutors looked almost ashamed of themselves. Jess Hardy's dark eyes filled with tears, and she rose and went over to him and patted his hand.

"Cheer up," she said, smiling. "We've reinstated you now, and like you better than we ever did before."

"And oo'll be mamma's little darling and will never be naughty again?" added Miss Hemingway.

"Poor old Johnny," said Miss Felton sympathetically, "that's the trouble about being a rough diamond and being polished while you wait—makes you sorry you ever came, doesn't it?"

"Now you can smoke a cigar, Mr. Bassity," said Dolly, "and improve your mind listening to us talk!"

"So long as I'm not the subject of it," observed Coal Oil Johnny ruefully.

"Oh, we can't bother about you for always," said Miss Hemingway. "You've had your little turn and must now give way to something more important!"

"Delighted," said Mr. Bassity.

"And don't look as though your own cigars were better than papa's," added Dolly.

"But they are," he retorted.

"Will nothing ever prevent you speaking the truth?" cried Miss Hardy. "There ought to be tracts about the young man who always spoke the truth—and his awful end!"

"Do you want me to listen intelligently or unintelligently?" Mr. Bassity asked Dolly.

"Oh, any old way," she said. "We don't mind particularly which."

"But you might tell me what the next topic's about," he said. "I might improve my mind more, you know, to have some glimmering of what's going on. Possibly—I say it with all diffidence—possibly I might be able to contribute some valuable suggestions!"

At this there arose such a chorus of incredulity that even the dogs jumped up and barked.

"It'll be a long time before you'll ever pay your social way," said Miss Hemingway cruelly. "In the mean while you're a social pauper, living on crusts, and the most becoming thing you can do is to sit very silent and grateful and self-effacing!"

"Yep," said Coal Oil Johnny, pretending to gulp down a manly emotion. "Yep, kind lady, and God bless your purty face, and if a lifetime of humble devotion and——"

"We all three have to do something for the St. John's Home for Incurable Children," interrupted Dolly, "and the question is: what?"

"Simplest thing out," said Mr. Bassity, feeling for his pocketbook.

"That's just what we're not going to do," continued Dolly. "It's horrid to go around dunning people for subscriptions, and being ten dollars nice to them for three dollars and fifty cents cash. We're all pledged to *earn* some money—really, truly earn it—and every one of us is going to get out and hustle, and, of course, we want to arrange it so that none of us three will overlap. My own idea is dog-thinning!"

"Dog-*what?*" ejaculated Coal Oil Johnny.

"Most people's dogs are too fat," explained Miss Hemingway. "Most owners are so slack and good-natured that though they know they are their own dogs' worst enemies, they weakly go on pampering them in spite of their better judgment. I am going to reduce dogs for ten dollars a dog—not brutally, like a vet., who kicks them into a cellar and leaves them there—but giving up my whole time to it for a month. Plain living, lots of exercise, sympathy, tact, all the comforts of home! I've already got the promise of four, and there's a Russian poodle, besides, and a dachshund who are trying to make up their minds!"

"I wish I could have thought of anything so original," cried Sattie Felton mournfully. "It seems so commonplace just to go and work in papa's office for two weeks, doesn't it?"

"Specially the way *you'll* work!" exclaimed Jess Hardy.

"I am going to help Miss Drayton in the filing department," said Sattie. "Put a letter from an F man into an F drawer, and from a G man into a G drawer, and from an H man into an H drawer, and from an I man into an I drawer——"

"Oh, stop!" cried Dolly Hemingway.

"And from a J man into a J drawer," continued Sattie drearily, "and from a K man——!"

The hurried passing of the chocolate creams in her direction brought about a welcome silence.

"What's your plan, Miss Hardy?" inquired Mr. Bassity.

"Oh, Jess has a snap," said Sattie in thick, chocolate-cream accents.

"My big Manton car," explained Jess. "It holds five, you know, and I'm going every day to the L. B. & Q. depot and take passengers. Hang out a little card: Beautiful Stackport, Two Hours' Ride for One Dollar; Children Half Price!"

"No chauffeur?" asked Coal Oil Johnny.

"Of course not. In that case it would be the money *he* earned—not mine!"

"I don't think I'd do that," said Coal Oil Johnny.

"It matters so little what you think," said Jess.

"But all alone?" objected Bassity.

"I told you it holds five," said Miss Hardy.

"I shall make it a point to go every trip," said Coal Oil Johnny.

"Indeed, you sha'n't," protested Jess. "The basis of the whole idea is that no friends are allowed. It's to be genuine money-making without favoritism or the personal element, and I think it's splendidly original and American."

Coal Oil Johnny looked at her and slowly shook his head.

"Don't do it," he said seriously. "Please don't do it."

"But I please will, thank you," she returned; "and I'm going to make more money out of it than anybody."

"What does your father say?" he asked.

"Offered me a hundred dollars not to!"

"Then I suppose it wouldn't be any good offering two hundred?"

"Not in the least—nor two thousand!"

Coal Oil Johnny sighed, and puffed away at his cigar.

"See here," he said at last, "why wouldn't it be a bright idea to give me lessons—at so much a lesson—on how to behave, and that kind of thing!"

Sattie Felton clapped her hands excitedly.

"I take him, I take him!" she cried. "I spoke first, girls, and it beats filing all hollow." In her eagerness she jumped up and ran to Coal Oil Johnny, as though to hold him tight and prevent him being snatched away from her by the others. Poor Bassity had hoped to fall into other hands, and his face showed his disappointment.

"I hoped——" he stammered. "I thought perhaps——"

"No, Sattie spoke first," said Miss Hemingway, detecting incipient rebellion, "and, anyway, she deserves to have you, for her plan wasn't any good and was hardly better than getting a present of the money from her father!"

"What can I charge him?" exclaimed Sattie. "What are lessons worth, Dolly—good, long ones?"

"Five dollars each, or fifty for a course of twelve," replied that reliable authority. "Diploma, elegantly tinted for framing, one dollar!"

"It isn't too much, is it?" asked Sattie anxiously of Mr. Bassity. "I don't want to rob you, you know, and even half would be more than I could get by filing."

"Oh, it's cheap," said Coal Oil Johnny, attempting to seem cheerful. "I never expected to become a social favorite for anything under a hundred. Only I wish you wouldn't try your way," he added, aside to Miss Hardy. "I mean it in all earnestness. If I had a sister——"

"You'd keep her in a red morocco case, and only show her in peeps to people of guaranteed respectability," said Jess, continuing his sentence for him. "That's always the way with imaginary sisters. But the real ones like to jump in and help the old world along!"

"Oh, but do take a chauffeur," he pleaded.

Miss Hardy gave him a mocking smile.

"Would you mind my running my own little show in my own little way?" she observed sweetly.

He blew out a large smoke ring and did not reply. His honest, sunburned face assumed a far-away expression. Coal Oil Johnny was thinking!

In the line of hacks and omnibuses that stood outside the I. B. & Q. depot was a Manton car, dazzling the eye with brass, and reflecting the passing throng in the deep, ruby red of its highly polished surface. Its only occupant was Miss Jess Hardy, suffocating in a leather coat, and with her shy, pretty face well concealed behind an automobile mask. At the side of the car, neatly pinned to one of the long, rawhide baskets, was the following invitation to the public:

BEAUTIFUL STACKPORT
TWO HOURS' RIDE FOR $1
CHILDREN ½ PRICE.

But the public, who possibly had already seen beautiful Stackport for themselves, or who, maybe, were withheld by the lack of the necessary dollar—the public jostling past in an intermittent stream, and coy as always in the investment of its cash, disregarded the allurements of the Manton, and scarcely deigned even to look its way. A few of its members, however, of a chatty and mechanical turn, were willing to volunteer a vast deal of random conversation with less than no encouragement; but the man with the dollar, the man who desired to see beautiful Stackport, the man who thirsted for a two hours' ride—children half price—was yet to come.

Jess Hardy had waited for an hour. Her first eager expectancy had given way to a heart-breaking consciousness of failure. She felt humiliated, less for herself than for her Manton. She had thrown down her pearls, and the swine (true to tradition) were treating them in the time-honored manner. At last, when hope was nearly dead within her breast, it was suddenly revived by the appearance of a rustic gentleman, who, stopping as though he had received a galvanic shock, opened his mouth as he slowly spelled out the notice on the basket. It was plain he was from the country, for his reddish whiskers were untrimmed, his hair long and straggling, his clothes of an extraordinary and antique design; and, moreover, under his arm he carried a coal-oil box, slatted across the front, which contained a live rooster. It was a pity that so sturdy a representative of the agricultural classes should have worn spectacles, and blue ones at that, and he had a troubled, peering, blind look that caused Jess a momentary pang. But he seemed a jolly, hearty fellow in spite of his infirmity, and coming up to her he gave her a broad and confidential smile.

"About this burd," he began, in a rich, friendly drawl, indicating the rooster. "Be there any trouble about the burd coming too?"

"Not a particle," said Miss Hardy.

"Hey?" said the stranger. "Hey?"

"Glad to have it," said Miss Hardy, trying to suit her English to the intelligence of the plain people.

"But no monkey business?" said the gentleman from the country. "No half-price rung on me later? No extry for live stock?"

"One dollar, and no charge for rooster," said Jess in her most matter-of-fact tones.

From a capacious and interior pocket the stranger produced a venerable wallet, and from the venerable wallet a dollar bill.

"A lot of money for just whizzing through the air," he remarked genially, handing it to her. "I could fall off my barn for nothing, and as like as not be less hurt than when you've got through with me!"

"I'll get you back all right," said Miss Hardy.

The stranger showed symptoms of wanting to climb into the tonneau by way of the mud-guard; and his enthusiasm was unbounded when he was directed to the door.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, seating himself luxuriously on the cushions; "Gosh! but they've got these things down fine! I never read the Poultry Gazette of a Saturday night without saying to myself, what next? Every day some new way of being killed, or some old way improved! My, but this is the dandiest of all!"

"There isn't the least danger if people are careful," said Jess, gazing out of the corner of her eye at three very loud and offensively jocular young men, their straw hats tilted at the back of their heads, who had also been arrested by the notice on the basket. They were flashily dressed, with race-tout written all over them, and their keen, impudent, tallowy faces filled her with sudden misgiving.

"Let's try the old hell-wagon," said one.

"If people are only careful," repeated Jess forlornly.

"I dug four automobilists out of a ditch once," observed the rural gentleman. "One had his leg broke, and the others were scratched something awful—but perhaps they weren't careful!"

"Say, we want to see beautiful Stackport," said one of the touts, clambering into the front seat beside Jess.

"Get out of that and give your place to a handsomer man," cried another, trying to pull him out by the legs.

The scuffle ended in the triumph of number one, who turned to Jess and addressed her in a hoarse, ironical voice.

"Never you mind them," he said. "They're only a pair of cheap skates who've won out a little on the track, and are blowing it in."

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" exclaimed another, poking his fingers through the bars at the rooster.

"Wind her up, young chafer!" exclaimed the third.

"The fare is one dollar in advance," said Jess Hardy, whose heart was sinking within her.

Then there ensued a humorous altercation in which they tried to beat her down to seventy-five cents. But Jess, remaining firm, finally received her three dollars, though they made it a point of honor to pay her in the smallest change they could muster. One fun-maker turned in three postcards and a two-cent stamp; while another convulsed the company on the curb, now five deep and swelling rapidly, by volunteering to give his necktie in lieu of a quarter. It was no small relief to Jess when at last they rode out of the depot amid the cheers of the multitude, and took their swift way down Fairfield Avenue. But the three young rowdies, far from subsiding, egged one another on to fresh enormities. They would whoop at every passing automobile, shout audible remarks about the personal appearance of its occupants, tell an old gentleman, cautiously picking his way across the street, to skin out or they'd take his leg off! It was a wild and mortifying progress, and as the streets gradually gave way to country roads, and Jess anticipated that the worst was over, the three young men discovered a new means of making themselves objectionable. They insisted on stopping at every roadhouse, tooting loudly for the bartender to come out and serve them, and tossing off in the course of a dozen miles an uncountable number of glasses of beer.

Had it not been for the presence of the farmer, seated placidly in the tonneau of the car with the rooster on his lap, Jess would have been terrified at her predicament. But his large, friendly bulk, his heavy shoulders, his big hands and honest face were immensely comforting to her. He resisted all the importunities of the others to drink with them, refusing with the greatest good nature, and maintaining throughout a certain aloofness and detachment. They called him Judge Hayseed, and guyed him mercilessly, but his deep, hearty laugh never showed the least sign of resentment, even when imaginary misadventures were fathered on him of the blow-out-the-gas order.

In the midst of an unceasing and vociferous hilarity, as they were bowling along at twelve miles an hour, which Jess would have made twenty if the engine hadn't worked so queerly, she felt the sharp dig of a finger against her back, and one of the young men cried out: "Say, young chafer, you've plunked a tire!"

She stopped the car and got out; and there, sure enough, one of the rear tires presented itself to her view in a state of melancholy collapse. It had picked up a horseshoe, together with the three jagged nails adhering to it, and was patently, hopelessly, irretrievably punctured. Jess had seen a hundred repairs made on the road, but up to now she had never put her hands to the task herself. She brimmed over with the most correct theory, but had invariably relegated the practice to a nice young man. But as she dejectedly scanned the faces of her passengers, and met nothing in return but a blank and dispirited stare, she manfully got out her little jack and started in on her own account. But she had hardly raised the wheel free from the ground, and was in the act of unscrewing the valve, when the wrench was suddenly taken out of her hand by Judge Hayseed, who asked in a very businesslike manner if there was an extra inner tube in the kit.

"I took notice of a feller doing this on my farm once," he drawled,

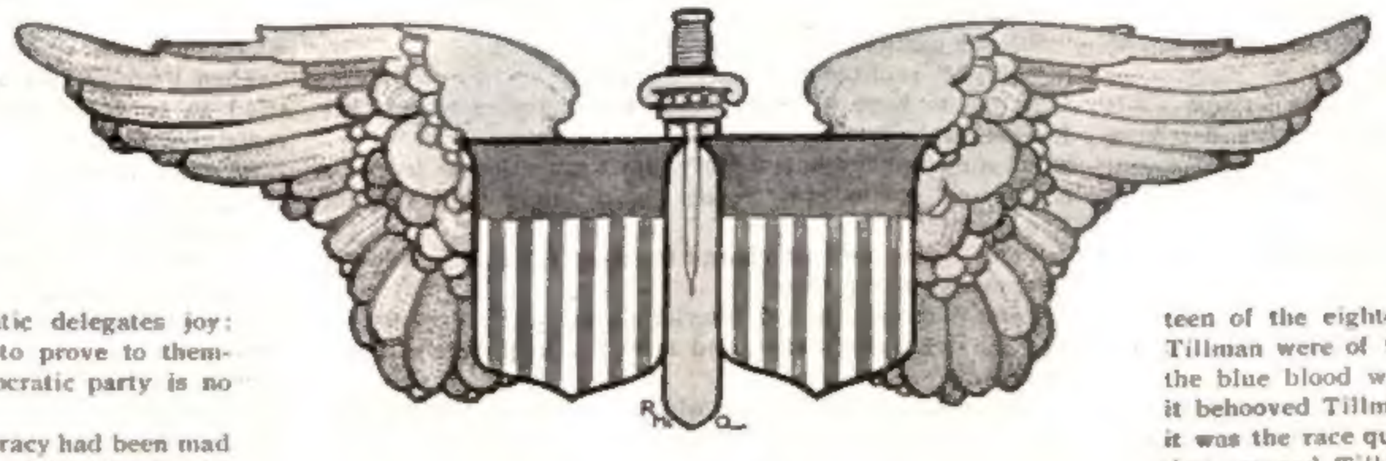
(Concluded on Page 15)

"BE THERE ANY TROUBLE ABOUT THE BURD COMING TOO?"

The Democratic Revival

A Near View of the Building of a Safe and Sane Platform at St. Louis

By William Allen White



THIS year, and under the circumstances now existing, it should not seem strange that the conventions of the two great national political parties were very much alike at heart. The point of important difference between the National Republican Convention assembled at Chicago and the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis was that while each was filled with practical politicians of high caste and pharisaical sect, those at Chicago did as they were told by the people and the President, and those at St. Louis did as they pleased. And two things gave the Democratic delegates joy: to abuse President Roosevelt, and to prove to themselves and the world that the Democratic party is no longer mad.

The tacit admission that the Democracy had been mad was made so often by the everlasting reiteration in the convention of its present safeness and sanity, that the very insistence of the present condition produced a feeling of uneasiness. And more than that—there sat eight thousand persons in the gallery, come there to glorify Bryan, who lost all enthusiasm in the proceedings of the convention when the delegates on the floor took hold of matters. In every great convention there are two stories that sometimes merge into one: the story of what the delegates did and the story of what the people in the galleries did. The lines of these stories crossed for the last time in American politics when the Democrats nominated Bryan at Chicago.

A Story of Organization

SINCE then every national convention of the two great parties has been bifurcated, the galleries having their convention and the delegates theirs. At St. Louis this year the galleries were composed of fifteen hundred ladies and gentlemen from Arkansas, admitted upon tickets issued by former Chairman Jones of the National Committee; two thousand Missourians passed in by St. Louis merchants who got tickets for contributing funds to secure the convention in their town; a thousand gentlemen from Tammany; a thousand from Kansas passed in by Johnson of the National Executive Committee; a thousand Hearst men from Chicago, and two thousand others from "every kindred, every tribe on this terrestrial ball." These citizens in the galleries were not safe and sane, and they didn't care who knew it; more than that, they hooted whenever the delegates on the floor tried to appear safe and sane. But as the people in the galleries never at any time influenced any ballot on the floor of the convention, and as the delegates have a story of their own, which has not been fully told, it may be as well to leave the galleries to their noise and fury, and follow the delegates in the affairs which became real history, and let the reader imagine a thousand men, chosen apparently because they were hard-headed and immune to panic, sitting in a pit surrounded by eight thousand yelling savages vainly straining their lungs.

The story of the real Democratic convention at St. Louis this year, minus the mob around them, is the story of organization.

The higher a man goes in strictly party politics the easier he is to handle, the more amenable he becomes to orders, and the more of personal ambition he is willing to sacrifice to secure victory for his faction. There were seven hundred and fifty delegates on the floor of the convention—approximately—who had come to St. Louis with one purpose in their minds—to reclaim the Democratic party from socialism. These men believed sincerely that Bryan and his supporters, either consciously or unconsciously, were steering Democracy toward a strongly centralized government—one which should "own" and "control" and "regulate" and "prohibit" too many things that old-fashioned Democracy has believed should be left to the citizen to manage for himself. Bryan's talk about "economic reforms" may have fooled Bryan, but it has not fooled the Democratic party now in ascendancy.

That party, which was dominant on the floor of the St. Louis Convention, listened to Bryan unmoved, and voted against him even when he was right, and even when the majority knew that he was right. That majority was willing to compromise openly with wrong in order to humiliate Bryan, and only his cleverness, and persuasion in committee-rooms where the majority was not caked, but was broken into individuals, gave him the influence he had in making the platform. That he did keep from the platform itself a declaration for the gold standard; that he did strengthen the anti-trust declaration, and that he did give the color of free trade to the tariff plank are unquestionable facts. But he did this working with small groups of men in sub-committees and not by the power of his oratory. However, these things, which, after all, are utterly inconsequential compared to the real result of the convention, sum up Bryan's ten days of hard work at St. Louis.

The Proof that Blood Tells

THE real work of the convention was done by David Bennett Hill and August Belmont. It was done outside the convention hall, and most of this work was done months before the convention assembled. If Democracy is reclaimed—they reclaimed it; if Democracy is ruined—they accomplished its ruin. For they more than any other two persons united the East and the old South against the West. Belmont and Hill crystallized the disintegrated elements of conservatism in the Democratic party, and whether the reader happens to admire the two gentlemen aforesaid or not, the result at St. Louis proves that they worked with skill and courage, and that they got things done. It was an easy matter to capture New York and New England for conservatism. They had been voting for Bryanism for eight years; they were tired of it; hungry for certain elements of the spoil. Pennsylvania was under protest and were not hard to catch nor was Ohio. The border States of the South, Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland and West Virginia, were docile enough; but the corraling of Georgia, the national breeding ground of free silver; the lassooing of Alabama and Mississippi and Louisiana; the bucking and gagging of Texas, long-horned and woolly, the Kansas of the South, and the branding of Arkansas—these were feats of political prowess that came only from practiced hands.

The rope used was the race question. The South was literally frightened away from free silver by the picture of Booker Washington eating luncheon at the White House. Even Tillman, the firebrand, came to St. Louis as a peacemaker. Fifteen of the eighteen South Carolina delegates behind Tillman were of the anti-Tillman faction in his State; the blue blood was asserting itself in Charleston, and it behooved Tillman to coo rather than to snort. But it was the race question and not the currency question that aroused Tillman's opponents in the States, and turned his free silver pitchfork into a gilded olive branch. The South Carolina delegation was typical of the other Southern delegations—made of men of the aristocracy, not as these delegations were eight years ago, of the rag-tag and bobtail of crossroads politics. There is something in blood. The way the blue blood of the old South sat through the St. Louis Convention voting against Bryan and Bryanism as automatically as a market ticker, despite the hooting galleries, proves that blood tells.

And it was Belmont more than Hill whom these Southerners trusted. Hill was the figurehead; and in the North, where practical politics was required, Hill was a force; but the majority of the majority at St. Louis was from the South. If the South had split Bryanism would have won; and Belmont, being a man whom the Southern gentlemen regarded as an equal, held the South together. When the supreme test came, on the ballot to indorse Parker's stand for the gold standard, the South voted as it shot. There was no wavering. Tillman sputtered, but his delegation was calm.

It is odd to think that in a convention that held from Wednesday noon to Sunday morning with one all-night session and another that ran well into the morning, there were but four roll-calls, and if it had not been for Parker's telegram declaring for the gold standard there would have been but three. The roll was first called at Mr. Bryan's request upon the proposition to seat the Carter Harrison delegates from Illinois. Bryan had the right of this question, but the convention recorded a two-third vote against him. The platform was adopted by a practically unanimous vote. There were two informal roll-calls, to bring out candidates for President and Vice-President. The second formal roll-call occurred on the nomination of Parker, the third on the indorsement of Parker's position on the gold standard, and the final roll-call on the nomination of H. G. Davis as a candidate for Vice-President. And at each of these formal roll-calls the same two-thirds vote was cast against the West.

The Spirit of the Occasion

NATURALLY one would think that so solid a majority would generate some enthusiasm. But it did not do so. Practical politicians care little for the tom-tom and hew-gag as musical instruments, preferring the monotonous but effective droning of the handsaw. The gentlemen of the majority at St. Louis were sawing wood. Hobson gave an oratorical snare drum solo during the early part of the convention, and apparently desired his name in the list of debaters on the gold standard proposition; but when that was on the program there were few unnecessary words wasted. Hobson sat back of the speakers' stand with a prospective speech churning in his vitals like a tangled clock-spring.

John Sharp Williams rose to defend Parker's position on the gold standard. Hobson was behind Williams teetering for a chance to jump in. Williams was trying to explain the excellences of the platform adopted, and said that it was a platform that any man nominated by the convention could run upon, "even Bryan himself." Up hopped Hobson and roared "God forbid!" in a stagey profundo ripped right out of the climax of the third act. It was no time for histrionics, and Williams snapped out: "Aw, shut up." Whereupon Hobson vanished and the convention proceeded. The story is told to illustrate the deadly frigid resolve in the hearts of the majority of that convention to play politics and not to permit play acting.

Even Parker's name was not a conjure-word at the convention. There was no particular enthusiasm for him. The men who were for Parker in the convention were not for Parker so much as they were for an idea, and the idea wasn't especially the gold standard, nor tariff reform, nor trust-breaking: the idea was "reorganized Democracy," and a return to first principles—the old *laissez-faire* idea which the Republicans used with such force in the campaign of '96 against the socialistic doctrines of Bryan. Parker Democracy was "safe and sane Democracy," and gentlemen whose first boast is that they are safe and sane do not like to display their esophagi in barbaric yawps. There were no Parker brass-bands at St. Louis, no Parker flags, and the Parker badges that appeared were not three-sheet posters, but rather primroses by the river's brim.

It was not that the delegates felt the lack of magnetism in Parker; not that they felt themselves rallying around an iceberg. Nothing of the sort was manifest. It was not a rallying crowd. When the picture of Parker appeared during the demonstration from the galleries that followed the mention of his name, New York cheered a little, New England bowed deferentially as the rooters roared, the South surrendered a courteous whoop, and then, during the thirty minutes of ready-made pandemonium, most of the Parker delegates, and all of the real Parker leaders, looked absently at Parker's picture floating above them, as though they were trying to recall whether the picture was that of the man who sold three dollar shoes or the man who made baby-powder that they were hailing as the face of their chief. And this repression of enthusiasm is not at all to the discredit of Judge Parker. It was the spirit of the occasion.

For the sole aim of the majority in that convention from the moment it assembled until its final adjournment was to create a mythical Parker who should be a second McKinley, and to make a mythical Roosevelt who should be a second Bryan. The Hanna trick was so obvious in the convention that one would say that the genius of the time and place was a prestidigitator pulling gold coins from his hat and throwing them over the hall. The red-capped goddess of the Terror which had been invoked eight years before by the rabble at Chicago was banished—and that was some gain.

But it is at least questionable whether as a vote-getter the diabolical professor in spike-tails and goatee is so effective as our lady of the red nightcap. But that, of course, is mere conjecture. It is certain, however, that safety and sanity went to their full limit at St. Louis this year, and when Bryan spoke against plutocracy and defied Wall Street, and tried to call the spirits of socialism from the vasty deep of yesterday's Democracy—they would not come. And finding that they would not come, Bryan began paying out rope to Messrs. Hill and Belmont, that they might have plenty of hemp. Bryan's attitude during the last hours of the St. Louis Convention was that of an obsequious hangman who desired to make the occasion as felicitous as possible.

And so the reorganized Democracy broke camp and went back to the people. In the campaign now pending the platform of the Democratic party will be referred to as sparingly as will be the platform of the Republicans. There are no vital points of difference between the two declarations. The differences on the tariff and on the race question are not important, though they may be great; for the Republican Senate will prevent tariff reduction even though the Democrats should win, and the country at large is not ready to consider the race problem, no matter which party wins.

The contest during the present campaign is between candidates—Roosevelt and Parker—both of whom are personally clean men and honest men and brave men; men whose moral and political code is probably something the same. The differences between the two candidates are largely differences of temperament, and the differences in temperament are in some degree the result of differences in training. Roosevelt has been a man of action; Parker's life has been passed in courts, where theories are important. A lawyer reverences precedents in a way that another man cannot reverence them. In a crisis, Roosevelt would use his "big stick," and end it; Parker would start a lawsuit and get at the law in the matter.

Each might come at the same result in the end. Roosevelt's way would be cross-lots and quicker; Parker's might be safer. And in the essence this is the great difference between the two parties as they are organized to-day; both are "safe and sane" now; both believe that about the same things should be done in the nation's politics. But the Republican party seems to be the party of intuitive, if not impulsive action, and the Democracy's greatest strength comes when it holds every proposition open to amendment and debate. The two great parties have never more thoroughly expressed themselves in their types at the heads of their tickets than they have done this year. These types represent two strongly defined American moods; for we are a moody people, though not volatile. The election will tell the world whether the American people is in a Republican or a Democratic mood—whether the people desire to do something at once; or to stop four years and think it over. That is the real issue before the people.

Extended Living

IT IS an utterly mistaken though popular idea that a man is necessarily superannuated when he is sixty or seventy years old.

Thinking men are fast outgrowing the idea, rooted for centuries in the brain, that man is on the threshold of old age at fifty, and that "the lean and slippered pantaloon" awaits him at threescore and ten. It is now an accepted law of the animal kingdom that the duration of life is normally five times the period of growth, which, being twenty-one years in man, makes the limit of his years one hundred and five. Sir Benjamin Richardson, an eminent English physician, expresses the opinion that the normal period of human life is about one hundred and ten years, and that seven out of ten persons could live to that age if they would conform to the laws of health. Metschnikoff, the great Russian biologist, holds that we should live one hundred and forty years. A man who expires at eighty, he says, "is the victim of accident, cut down in the flower of his days."

A SQUEEZE IN SMOKE

A Tale of High Finance in Miniature

By ROBERT MACKAY

STEPHEN OLIPHANT SEAVER sat in his private office on the thirty-fourth floor of a Broadway sky-scraper, and, with an expression of infantile interest, watched the pigeons wheeling and fluttering round the cornices of St. Paul's Church. That same expression and a pair of big, trustful, guileless blue eyes were among Mr. Seaver's negotiable assets, so to speak; for, when the occasion arose, he rarely failed to convert them into cash, and usually it was the cash of the fellow who, deluded by the eyes, imagined that Mr. Seaver's pocketbook was "easy."

Mr. Seaver's business or profession was various. Like the chameleon, it took color from surrounding circumstance. If the chance lamb happened along, he became for the nonce a broker. Provided that the odds to win were sufficiently tempting, he had no objection to a little note shaving. The Real Estate Exchange knew him as a not infrequent purchaser of debts that had exhausted the ingenuity of collectors and the patience of receivers. Incidentally, he had a collecting system of his own that usually resulted in the debtor buying peace at a figure that was pleasingly remunerative. A "Racing Information Bureau" that ran a profitable course until a meddlesome post-office inspector happened along was another offspring of the fecund Seaver brain. So were a half score of assorted companies, the literature relating to which was as brilliant as their several existences were brief. Once upon a time a large man who smoked large cigars, wore an eighteen-inch collar, and hailed from the Mulberry Street region, had a long confab with Mr. Seaver regarding "discretionary pools" in general and one discretionary pool in particular. The outcome of the interview was that the large man said that Mr. Seaver was all right, all right, but that he must not do it again.

One of Mr. Seaver's favorite forms of speculation was to purchase the household effects of people who, for good enough reasons, were in a hurry to realize on them. As a rule, these realizations were followed by the disappearance of the late owners and the almost simultaneous appearance of persons armed with liens, writs of execution, attachments, replevins or other unpleasant legal things. But of these Mr. Seaver wotted little and cared less. For such bits of business as those in question were profitable in the extreme. Needs must when the devil or one's creditors drives, and the man

ONE OF THE LATEST TO ARRIVE WAS A CERTAIN JOHN ARTHUR CHEDWICH

who has to get out of the State at all hazards at a few hours' notice isn't apt to argue over a dollar or so. There is a legend among Mr. Seaver's friends that on one occasion he had a hurry call to the home of one whom he recognized as a bank official. The appraisement of the furniture was of the rapid-fire order.

"What are you going to allow me for the piano?" said the vender. It was an almost new eight-hundred-dollar grand.

"Fifty dollars," said Seaver.

"Fifty peanuts," replied the other angrily.

"My dear fellow," cooed Seaver, "you know that you can't possibly take the instrument to Mexico or—the penitentiary."

He got the piano. Another time Mr. Seaver made an offer for certain rolls of cloth that were in the possession of a wholesale clothier who was on the eve of vanishment.

"Vat," screamed the indignant merchant; "you offaire me money vot don't pay for th' vood der clothes rolled on is!"

"Suppose I get somebody to make a valuation," suggested Seaver.

"All right," replied the other, feeling that no valuation could be less than that given by the visitor, whereupon Seaver called up a number on the telephone.

"Himmel!" yelled the affrighted clothier; "don't you know that you are asking for the sheriff's office?"

"Of course I do," said Seaver blandly. "The sheriff's an old friend of mine, and a swell dresser. What he don't know about cloth isn't worth knowing. I'm going to ask him to run over here and——"

"Ring off, ring off, Meestur Seaver," howled the clothier, "and take der rolls your own price at, and may your years short be for de dirty trick you plays me!"

Merchandise or other property thus acquired was invariably sent within an hour or so to some of the Seaver agents out of town to be disposed of when the occasion arose and the times were propitious. This, as Stephen Oliphant was accustomed to explain, was to prevent creditors from wasting money in tedious litigation. Not knowing where the goods were, they, the creditors, couldn't worry over them or squander their value in lawyers' fees.

I have dwelt somewhat at length on Seaver and Seaver's methods because in the light of the same that which follows will be credible. Apart from the Seaver personality and mentality it would hardly have been possible or even probable. Yet it was as here set down, and are there not the records thereof in the books of a big insurance corporation,

the offices of which front on Broadway midway betwixt the churches that stand in mute protest against the worship of Mammon in the very citadel of Mammon himself.

The inception of the thing came to Mr. Seaver on the morning that he was watching the cooing, lowing pigeons. Rather more than a week before he had received an unsigned note, asking him to call at a Church Street address. There he found three persons awaiting him on the second floor of the building, which was fitted up as a cigar factory. One of the men was a little Cuban, the others were plainly of German descent. Mr. Seaver's accustomed eye noted the restlessness and irritable nervousness of the trio, and he drew his conclusions therefrom. The Cuban explained that his presence in Havana had been unexpectedly and imperatively demanded and that he had to sever his relations with his partners forthwith. They, the partners, didn't know anything about the practical end of cigar-making and didn't want to continue the business. Would Mr. Seaver make an offer for the stock?

Mr. Seaver would, but was it paid for, or had credit been given to the firm? Somewhat to his surprise, receipts were produced showing that all transactions had been on a cash basis. Original packages of tobacco were identified in the case of the majority of the receipts. The cigars were comparatively few. Mr. Seaver knew a thing or two about tobacco and the sampling thereof. At the end of an hour of inspection he made a spot cash offer. It was accepted. An hour later the tobacco was being carted across town to a favorite cache of the purchaser on Front Street. Stephen Oliphant Seaver dined well that evening and slept the restful sleep of him who has paid exactly one-half the value of tobacco—fillers, insides and wrappers, Havana and Key West—worth $50,000 in the open market.

A day or two later the newspapers devoted each a couple of columns to the story of how the Internal Revenue people had for months been on the track of a big conspiracy to rob Uncle Sam by means of counterfeit stamps on cigar-boxes. The criminals, on the eve of their arrest, were "tipped off," however, and had fled, taking with them their stock and evidences of their guilt. Mr. Seaver, with the wisdom of a serpent and the apparent innocence of a dove, put himself in touch with the authorities, and proved that he had bought the tobacco in good faith, showed that there had been no defrauding of creditors and offered to surrender the cigars, which, by the way, were all in plain boxes. There was no excuse for the powers-that-be levying on the goods, and so, after receiving official thanks for his prompt action in the matter, he and his purchase were left in peace.

The roaring bray of the midday whistles caused a momentary flutter among the pigeons, and simultaneously Mr. Seaver flicked the ash off one of the cigars, nodded his head and compressed his lips as does one whom the paths of pondering have led to the goal of purpose, and touched the "buzzer" on his desk thrice, thereby denoting that he desired the presence of his stenographer. To her he dictated a brief note addressed to half a dozen fire insurance companies, requesting that a representative call on him on the morrow.

"Is Johnson in the office?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Send him to me."

Johnson was Mr. Seaver's "outside" man. He did all the drudgery, and no small portion of the jackal work of the office. Once upon a time Johnson had promised to be a power in the land of shady deals and sinuous finance. But he had the misfortune to number among his clients a nervous old woman. When the guaranteed twenty or thirty per cent. per month didn't materialize she told her tale to a young lawyer who was looking for notoriety, and he, in turn, told it to the newspapers. After the subsequent smoke of battle had cleared, and Johnson had just escaped the clutches of the police, he was left high and dry on a remorseless world. Mr. Seaver, knowing both his talents and his necessities, engaged him forthwith at a ridiculously low figure. Johnson was grateful. After a time, his employer, who had believed in the Napoleonic maxim that a man's faithfulness depends on its being to his interest to be faithful, began to reward him with liberal fees contingent on the outcome of his outside duties.

The conference between the couple was a long one. When it ended, Johnson, more sallow, lean and melancholy than ever, called for a directory, sent for several trade journals, and began to write dozens of letters. Six or seven hours later Mr. Seaver was at his club, peeping at an ace full which he held, in so emotionless, not to say childish, a manner, that the others raised and raised and raised, until the pot was of princely proportions. On the thirty-fourth floor of the skyscraper Mr. Johnson, sad and smileless, was still hunting addresses and writing letters.

. . . . . .

Some two months later three or four thousand of the solid men of the financial district received in their morning's mail a neat package which, on being opened, was found to contain a cigar. With it was a brief but polite communication from the "Cuban Plantation and General Products Company, Stephen Oliphant Seaver, President," to the effect that it was the intention of the company to open retail stores in this country for the sale of a choice Havana cigar, La Salina, the price of which was to be twelve cents. The company trusted that the recipient would do it the honor to smoke the sample forwarded, in order to confirm the company's assertion that it could not be duplicated at twenty or twenty-five cents. Only this cigar, La Salina, was handled by the company, and nothing less than a box would be sold.

Coincidently with this, a store was opened in the arcade of a big office building downtown and yet another in the

VISITS FROM AGENTS AND ADJUSTERS FOLLOWED

Broadway theatre district. The clerks were Cubans, the cigars were admittedly all that the company claimed for them, and both stores began to do a thriving business.

But the uniqueness of the methods of the promoters of the enterprise did not end here. In each box of La Salinas sold was a slip of paper and a postal-card. On the slip of paper was printed a statement to the effect that if the purchaser would fulfill the conditions given on the postal-card, mailing the same in due course, he would in return receive, gratis, a sample box of another cigar that the company intended to put on the market at an early date. The postal-card read as follows:

THE CUBAN PLANTATION AND GENERAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
New York City.

No. — Date, ——

Gentlemen: This is to certify that on the —— day of ———, 190—, I, the undersigned, purchased at your store, No. — Broadway, New York City, fifty (50) cigars called and known by the name of LA SALINA, said cigars being packed in a box numbered —, and I do further certify that I have consumed by fire or smoked, or caused to be consumed by fire or smoked, each and all of said fifty (50) cigars.

(Signed) ———

Witness, —— Address, ———

Each cigar-box was numbered and there was a corresponding number on the postal-card that it contained. This made each box more identifiable.

In a few weeks' time the factory of the Cuban Plantation and General Products Company had to double its capacity. Orders began to arrive from clubs, hotels, jobbers and large retailers. The postal-cards came back in veritable flocks. President Seaver handed Mr. Johnson, manager of the concern, a personal check for three figures as a token of his recognition of the excellent manner in which he had brought the enterprise into successful being.

A few mornings later, Stephen Oliphant Seaver was again watching the St. Paul pigeons, and again did he summon his outside man and with him hold council. Now, to use a time-worn simile, the financial district is a sort of big spider's web, and when a fly strikes one of its threads the news is vibrated to all parts of the snare. One of the latest to arrive was a certain John Arthur Chedwich, a beef-fed Briton. At the time these things happened English capitalists had developed a sudden regard for American investments of the commercial sort. Representatives of several British syndicates were in this country on the lookout for promising investments, and Mr. Chedwich was one of them. His instructions were to "go in for anything, big or little, as long as he was satisfied that the proposition was a paying one."

The end of the conference between Mr. Seaver and Mr. Johnson was that the latter waited on the Briton in due course. Seaver & Co., brokers and promoters, explained Mr. Johnson, had, through the medium of their business affiliation, become cognizant of the fact that a Canadian lumber concern, the extent and integrity of whose operations were above suspicion, was by a chain of singular but satisfactory circumstances about to be offered for sale. Did the matter interest Mr. Chedwich? As a matter of fact, it did, but Mr. Chedwich didn't say so. What was Seaver & Co.'s interest in the matter, he asked. Mr. Johnson smiled in melancholy fashion. The interest of any business persons, he explained. That was to say, that if by any chance Mr. Chedwich should get the lumber firm, Seaver & Co. would expect to be paid liberally for the "tip." Also, preliminary papers would have to be signed to that effect. Mr. Chedwich thereupon said, "Of course, of course," and added that he—ah—really was so beastly busy that he—ah—couldn't considah the—ah—mattah for—ah—a day or two at the least, but, he—ah—would nevertheless—that was to say, possibly—ah—take it under advisement in—ah—due course."

Three days later Mr. Chedwich called on Mr. Seaver. Mr. Seaver was cordial, but not anxious. He made Mr. Chedwich talk about the lumber deal. Then he regretted to inform the visitor that twenty-four hours before the lumber concern (which existed only in the capacious Seaver brain) had been snapped up by a Montreal syndicate. He would, however, take great pleasure in posting Mr. Chedwich on any other good things that he discovered. Did Mr. Chedwich smoke? Yes? The program was going splendidly. Then would he try a cigar in the manufacture of which he (Seaver) was interested?

Mr. Chedwich liked the La Salina, for such it was. In fact, he liked it very much. Casually, Mr. Seaver informed him of its identity. Mr. Chedwich was all attention on the instant.

"By Jove," he said, "some of youah fellows were tellin' me of this—ah—cigar and the—ah—very much out-of-the-common mannah in which it has been introduced to the public. But—pawdon me—I didn't know you were in the tobacco business."

"I'm not," said Seaver simply. "That is, not entirely. Merely thought I could see my way to make some money by selling a very good cigar at a very low price, had a capable man whom I could trust with details and—there you are." Here Mr. Seaver smiled one of his specially frank and trustful smiles.

"By Jove," murmured Mr. Chedwich, "you fellows ovah here are certainly—remarkable."

"Well," went on Mr. Seaver, "I hardly think that we are quite so—what shall I say?—conservative as you are on the other side of the water. There you prefer the rut. Here we dislike it. You hold the belief that a man to succeed must know every inch and cranny of a business. Here we think that a good knowledge of the general principles of business will enable a man to tackle any proposition with credit and profit to himself."

"A—ah—and how does the theory work out in practice?" asked the Briton with a note of incredulity in his voice.

"Speaking for myself, I have had no reason to change my beliefs on the subject. This cigar is a case in point. If I told you of the business and profits of the stores you would hardly credit me. I hold the name of La Salina worth a great many thousands of dollars, brief as has been its existence."

"Do you intend to open more stores?"

Mr. Seaver lit a fresh cigar. "No," he said slowly, "not at present, at least. This for two reasons. You see, I have a good many irons in the fire in one direction or another. The cigar business is a side issue, yet it has grown so rapidly that it's getting a bit beyond me. I mean that it's encroaching on time that really belongs to other of my affairs. So for that reason alone I don't want to extend the business for the moment, and, again, two or three people have been after me to sell La Salina to them, lock, stock and barrel—and I'm hesitating as to whether to accept one of these offers."

Mr. Chedwich straightened up in his chair. "May I ask," he said, "where or in what part of Cuba your plantations are situated?"

"They are not situated at all," laughed Seaver boyishly. "The Cuban Plantation and General Products Company is just a trading name—somewhat impressive trading name. Our tobacco is bought right here in New York. But I have an exceedingly shrewd buyer, and we content ourselves with a very small profit, indeed. Let me add," he laughed once more, "that I shouldn't let you in behind the scenes if I didn't feel sure that La Salina is so solid with the public that it can't be ousted by a rival—present or prospective."

Mr. Chedwich reflected. "Then," he said, "La Salina is on the market?"

"If I get a sufficiently tempting offer I might sell out."

"Will you write me regarding the matter in a day or two?"

"I will not, Mr. Chedwich," replied Seaver pleasantly. "I hunt no man. If at any time you care to make me a proposition here's my office and here I am. But I venture to

remind you that events move more quickly on this side of the Atlantic. The lumber deal was a case in point

Then Mr. Seaver insisted on taking Mr. Chedwich to luncheon, and caused his guest's attention to be called to the conspicuous place that La Salina occupied at the cigar counter of the restaurant

The following morning Mr. Chedwich telephoned Mr Seaver, asking for a forty-eight hours' option on the business of the Cuban Plantation and General Products Company

Some days later Mr. Chedwich signed certain legal papers under the terms of which he agreed to purchase for cash all the stock, property, goodwill and trade-marks of the cigar concern at a price that was eminently satisfactory to Mr. Seaver—namely, $18,000 cash. With true British caution, Mr. Chedwich had not gone thus far without the assistance of experts, these last testifying in particular as to the quality of the tobacco in stock. Incidentally it was sold to the purchaser at ruling market prices, which, considering the circumstances under which it had come into Seaver's hands, was additionally pleasing to the latter.

One clause in the contract of sale that had been inserted at the instance—almost the insistence—of Mr. Seaver was to the effect that he was to "have the privilege of collecting all and any outstanding indebtedness prior to the consummation of said contract." The preliminary agreement had been made on March 2, and the final contract and turning over of the business *in toto* to Chedwich was to take place on the sixteenth. In the interval Chedwich was to have the conduct of the business but Seaver had the right to collect all moneys due to the firm. They were but few, be explained—club bills, hotel accounts and one or two other things

"Why insist upon this?" asked Chedwich

"Because I want you to start with a clean bill as I do myself These debts are in my name and I don't care to be bothered with them in any way after I've severed my connection with the firm."

So the clause was accepted and inserted.

"By the way, Chedwich," asked Seaver, "are you going to run this thing yourself or——"

"I was going to speak to you on that very point," replied the Englishman. "My principals will, in the course of time—ah—send over some one to take charge of affairs. But in the interval I've *carte blanche* to do as I please as far as the—ah—conduct of the business is concerned. So I was going to make Mr. Johnson a liberal offer to—ah—remain with us as manager *pro tem.*"

"Johnson's under contract to me. Still, if it's any convenience to you I'll lend him to you for a few weeks."

"Thanks, awfully."

"By the way, are you going to plunge on La Salina?"

"I beg pawdon."

"I mean are you going to boom her, spread yourself, advertise extensively, get up a 'hooraw,' and all that kind of thing?"

Mr. Chedwich replied that his instructions were to begin to spread a goodly sum on printer's ink as soon as the business was actually in his hands.

Mr. Seaver mused. "You'll have columns in the newspapers, pages in the magazines, blocks in the theatre programs and all that kind of thing?" he said tentatively

"Ya as, s'pose so."

"For which you'll be taxed pretty heavily"

"Advertising pays," replied Chedwich.

"Of course—if it's the proper sort of advertising

"What do you mean?" asked Chedwich, catching a significant note in the other's voice

"Oh, nothing much," answered Seaver with that smile of his, "only La Salina made the hit that it did in the first instance mainly because it was brought before the public in a manner rather out of the ordinary

"I infer, then, that you'd advise a sort of continuance of that 'out of the-ordinary' policy?" queried Chedwich

"Precisely

"But how?"

Seaver laughed outright. "Upon my word, Chedwich, you're refreshing," he said. "How? that's just it. I don't know what the mode of procedure is in England, but here ideas are exchangeable for United States currency. So that I'm afraid that I must let your 'how' remain unanswered."

"Not if—ah—let me see, how do you put it?—if it's made worth your while."

"You're improving, my dear fellow, you're improving. No, not if it's made worth my while."

"And the fee would be —"

"Of a contingent nature. Look here, Chedwich, you know enough about advertising to realize that value of the 'reading notice' as against the ordinary 'ad.' Why, many of the metropolitan dailies will stick you for from two to three dollars a line of eight words for a notice in the news columns, and even then the matter has a little bunch of stars attached to it to show that it's an advertisement, after all."

"Yes"

"Now, if you can only so manage things that your pill, or face-powder, or cigar, or, if you're an actress, your past and

THEN WOULD HE TRY A CIGAR IN THE MANUFACTURE OF WHICH HE (SEAVER) WAS INTERESTED?

prospective future, appear in the exclusive circles of the real news, you get the *crème de la crème*, and a little better than that, of advertising that apparently isn't advertising, usually without it costing you a cent.

Mr. Chedwich was profoundly impressed. "And can it really be done?" he asked

"Certainly—if you know how."

"And—do you?"

"I do"

"Ho—I mean really."

"Look here," went on Seaver after a pause, "you're a pretty good fellow, Chedwich, and I'd like to help you out with the La Salina, although I haven't much time to squander on the matter. But I'll make you this out-and-out proposition: If you'll pay me fifty cents a line for every news article that centres about La Salina in the metropolitan newspapers and twenty-five cents a line for out-of-town notices, the publication of same to be traceable to me, I'll give the cigar an immediate publicity beyond the wildest dreams of the average press agent. Mind you, I ask payments only on results."

"By Jove! old man, I'll take you up," cried Chedwich impulsively; "you've proven yourself such an—ah—awfully good sort and—clevah, too, that I—ah—know you'll pull a bully good oar in this."

So it came about that Mr. Chedwich's lawyers drew up yet another contract to the effect aforesaid, which was duly signed by the parties to the first part and second parts thereof

Seaver and Johnson were once more in the private room.

"Drop in this afternoon at the Planet's Wall Street office," said Mr. Seaver, "and ask Lovejoy to come over and see me." Johnson nodded. "You might also leave a couple of boxes of cigars for the boys at the Installed News Association and hint to 'em that a good story is brewing here." Again Johnson nodded. "And see to it personally that the notices of claims go to-night to the insurance people." Another nod. "You're quite sure as to the number of postal-cards returned?" Nod. "Then I'm off."

The following morning the Lion, Royal, Andes, United States and British-American insurance corporations received a notice from the Cuban Plantation and General Products Company to the effect that cigars to the value of $16,000 had been destroyed by fire, said cigars being part and portion of the property of the company included in a policy issued to it on such-and-such a date by the corporation addressed.

Visits from agents and adjusters followed, and to these Mr. Seaver, to the accompaniment of a cherubic smile, showed specimen postal-cards from a safe full of the same. "You will see, sir," he said, addressing Mr. Smith of the Lion Company, "that Mr. Thompson, president of the First National Bank, signing the statement to the effect that his box of cigars was totally destroyed, is an individual of repute, whom there is every reason to believe will back his signature by word of mouth."

The insurance men took varied views of the matter. Mr. Johnson, of the Royal, intimated that a sojourn in Bloomingdale would be of benefit to Seaver. Mr. Whytecoats, of the British-American, waxed wroth at having his time wasted by a fool errand. Mr. Tooks, of the United States, looked upon the affair as an elaborate joke. To each Mr. Seaver remarked that he expected an early settlement.

Lovejoy dropped in that afternoon, took copious notes of the situation, passed them on to his colleagues, and a little later, Jones, of the Installed News Association, happened along

"What is this, anyway, Mr. Seaver?" he said; "is it straight goods, or are you trying to bulldoze the city editors into free advertising?"

Seaver handed the reporter a La Salina. "Jones," said he, "I know that you know a good cigar when it happens between your teeth. Tell me, then, isn't the La Salina an all-round 'ad.' for itself without having a press agent attachment?"

"You bet it is," replied Jones, mollified by the appeal to his judgment.

"Besides that," continued Seaver, filling up the newspaper man's pockets with cigars, "I'm not a show or an Indian medicine outfit that I stand in need of graft space."

"True," said Jones, "but——"

"Of course, there's a 'but' in it. You wouldn't be holding the job you do if you hadn't that infernally keen nose for news and 'buts' motives that you have, Jones," went on Seaver admiringly. "Fact is that several years ago some of

(Concluded on Page 30)

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

By James Branch Cabell

AT THE SAME MOMENT MARGARET STOOD BEFORE THE MIRROR AND TIDIED HER HAIR

II

THE twelve-forty-five, for a wonder, was on time; and there descended from it a big, blond young man, who did not look in the least like a fortune-hunter.

Miss Hugonin resented this. Manifestly, he looked clean and honest for the deliberate purpose of deceiving her. Very well! *She'd* show him!

He was quite unembarrassed. He shook hands cordially; then he shook hands with the groom, who, you may believe it, was grinning in a most unprofessional manner because Master Billy was back again at Selwoode. Subsequently, in his old decisive way, he announced they would walk to the house, as his legs needed stretching.

The insolence of it! Quite as if he had something to say to Margaret in private and couldn't wait a minute. Beyond doubt, this was a young man who must be taken down a peg or two, and that at once. Of course, she wasn't going to walk back with him! A pretty figure they'd cut strolling through the fields, like a house-girl and the milkman on a Sunday afternoon! She would simply say she was too tired to walk, and that would end the matter.

So she said she thought the exercise would do them both good.

They came presently with desultory chat to a meadow bravely decked in all the gauds of Spring. About them the day was clear, the air bland. Spring had revamped her ageless fripperies of tender leaves and bird-cries and sweet, warm odors for the adornment of this meadow; above it she had set a turquoise sky aplashed here and there with little clouds that were like whipped cream; and upon it she had scattered largesse, a Danaë's shower of buttercups. Altogether she had made of it a particularly dangerous meadow for a man and a maid to frequent.

Yet there Mr. Woods paused under a burgeoning maple—paused resolutely with the lures of Spring thick about him, compassed with every snare of scent and sound and color that the witch is mistress of

Margaret hoped he had a pleasant passage over. Her father, thank you, was in the pink of condition. Oh, yes, she was quite well. She hoped Mr. Woods would not find America——

"Well, Peggy," said Mr. Woods, "we'll have it out right here

His insolence was so surprising that—in order to recover herself—Margaret actually sat down under the maple tree. Peggy, indeed! Why, she hadn't been called Peggy for—no, not for four whole years!

"Because I intend to be friends, you know," said Mr. Woods.

And about them the maple-leaves made a little island of sombre green, around which more vivid grasses rippled and dimpled under the fitful spring breezes. And everywhere leaves lisped to one another, and birds shrilled insistently. It was a perilous locality.

I fancy Billy Woods was out of his head when he suggested being friends in such a place. Friends, indeed! You would have thought from the airy confidence with which he spoke that Margaret had come safely to forty-year and wore steel-rimmed spectacles!

But Miss Hugonin merely cast down her eyes and was aware of no reason why they shouldn't be. She was sure he must be hungry, and she thought luncheon must be ready by now

In his soul Mr. Woods observed that her lashes were long—long beyond all reason. Lacking the numbers that Petrarch flowed in, he did not venture, even to himself, to characterize them further. But oh, how queer it was they should be pure gold at the roots! She must have dipped them in the inkpot. And oh, the strong, sudden, bewildering curve of 'em! He could not recall at the present moment ever noticing quite such lashes anywhere else. No, it was highly improbable that there were such lashes anywhere else. Perhaps a few of the superior angels might have such lashes. He resolved for the future to attend church more regularly.

Aloud, Mr. Woods observed that in that case they had better shake hands

It would have been ridiculous to contest the point. The dignified course was to shake hands, since he insisted on it, and then to return at once to Selwoode

Margaret Hugonin had a pretty hand, and Mr. Woods, as an artist, could not well fail to admire it. Still, he needn't have looked at it as though he had never before seen anything quite like it; he needn't have neglected to return it; and when Miss Hugonin reclaimed it, after a decent interval, he needn't have laughed in a manner that compelled her to laugh, too. These things were unnecessary and annoying, as they caused Margaret to forget that she despised him.

For the time being—will you believe it?—she actually thought he was rather nice.

"I acted like an ass," said Mr Woods tragically. "Oh, yes, I did, you know. But if you'll forgive me for having been an ass, I'll forgive you for throwing me over for Teddy Anstruther; and at the wedding I'll dance through any number of pairs of patent-leathers you choose to mention."

So that was the way he looked at it. Teddy Anstruther, indeed! Why, Teddy was a dark little man with brown eyes—just the sort of man she most objected to. How could any one ever possibly fancy a brown-eyed man? Then, for no apparent reason, Margaret flushed, and Billy, who had stretched his great length of limb on the grass beside her, noted it with a pair of the bluest eyes in the world and thought it vastly becoming.

"Billy," said she impulsively—and the name having slipped out once by accident, it would have been absurd to call him anything else afterward—"it was horrid of you to refuse to take any of that money."

"But I didn't want it," he protested.. "You know I'd only have done something foolish with it. It was awfully square of you, Peggy, to offer to divide, but I didn't want it, you see. I don't want to be a millionaire, and give up the rest of my life to founding libraries and explaining to people that if they never spend any money on amusements they'll have a great deal by the time they're too old to enjoy it. I'd rather paint pictures."

So that I think Margaret must have endeavored at some time to make him accept part of Frederick R. Woods' money

"You make me feel—and look—like a thief," she reproved him.

Then Billy laughed a little. "You don't look in the least like one," he reassured her. "You look like an uncommonly honest, straightforward young woman," Mr. Woods added handsomely, "and I don't believe you'd purloin under the severest temptation."

She thanked him for this testimonial, with all three dimples in evidence.

This was unsettling. He hedged.

"Except, perhaps——" said he.

"Yes?" queried Margaret, after a pause.

However, she questioned him with her head drooped forward, her brows raised; and as this gave him the full effect of her eyes, Mr. Woods became quite certain that there was, at least, one thing she might be expected to rob him of, and wisely declined to mention it.

Margaret did not insist on knowing what it was. Perhaps she heard it thumping under his waistcoat, where it was behaving very queerly.

So they sat in silence for a while Then Margaret fell a-humming to herself; and the air—will you believe it?—chanced by the purest accident to be that foolish, senseless old song they used to sing together four years ago.

Billy chuckled. "Let's," he obscurely pleaded.

Spring prompted her.

AFTER LUNCHEON BILLY HAD A QUIET HALF-HOUR WITH THE COLONEL IN THE SMOKING-ROOM

"Oh, where have you been, Billy boy?" queried Margaret's wonderful contralto:

> "Oh, where have you been, Billy boy, Billy boy?
> Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?"

She sang it in a low, hushed voice, just over her breath—not looking at him, however. And oh, what a voice! thought Billy Woods. A voice that was honey and gold and velvet and all that is most sweet and rich and soft in the world! Find me another voice like that, you *prime donne!* Find me a simile for it, you uninventive poets! Indeed, I'd like to see you do it.

But he chimed in, nevertheless, with his pleasant, throaty baritone and lifted his own part quite creditably:

> "I have been to seek a wife.
> She's the joy of my life;
> She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother"—

only Billy sang it "father," just as they used to do

And then they sang it through, did Margaret and Billy—sang of the dimple in her chin and the ringlets in her hair, and of the cherry pies she achieved with such celerity—sang as they sat in the spring-decked meadow every word of that inane old song that is so utterly senseless and so utterly unforgetable.

It was a quite idiotic performance. I set it down to the snares of Spring—to her insidious, delightful snares of scent and sound and color that—for the moment, at least—had trapped these young people into loving life infinitely

But I wonder who is responsible for that tatter of rhyme and melody that had come to them from nowhere in particular? Mr. Woods, as he sat up at the conclusion of the singing vigorously to applaud, would have shared his last possession, his ultimate crust, with that unknown benefactor of mankind Indeed, though, the heart of Mr. Woods just now was very full of lovingkindness and capable of any freakish magnanimity

For—will it be believed?—Mr. Woods, who four years ago had thrown over a fortune and exiled himself from his native land, rather than propose marriage to Margaret Hugonin, had no sooner come again into her presence and looked once into her perfectly fathomless eyes, than he could no more have left her of his own accord than a moth can turn his back to a lighted candle. He had fancied himself entirely cured of that boy-and-girl nonsense; his broken heart, after the first few months, had not interfered in the least with a naturally healthy appetite; and, behold, here was the old malady raging again in his veins and with renewed fervor

And all because the girl had a pretty face! I think you will agree with me that in the conversation I have recorded Margaret had not displayed any great wisdom, or learning, or tenderness, or wit, nor, in fine, any of the qualities a man might naturally look for in a helpmate. Yet, at the precise moment he handed his baggage-check to the groom, Mr. Woods had made up his mind to marry her. In an instant he had fallen head over ears in love; or, to whittle accuracy

to a point, he had discovered that he had never fallen out of love; and if you had offered him an empress or fetched Helen of Troy from the grave for his delectation he would have laughed you to scorn.

In his defense, I can only plead that Margaret was an unusually beautiful woman. It is all very well to flourish a death's-head at the feast, and bid my lady go paint herself an inch thick, for this favor she must come; and it is quite true that the reddest lips in the universe may give vent to slander and lies, and the brightest eyes be set in the dullest head, and the most roseate of complexions be purchased at the corner drugstore; but, say what you will, a pretty woman is a pretty woman, and while she continue so no amount of common-sense or experience will prevent a man, on provocation, from alluring, coaxing, even entreating her to make a fool of him. We like it. They like it, too.

So Mr. Woods lost his heart on a fine spring morning and was unreasonably elated over the fact

And Margaret? Margaret was content

I

THEY talked for a matter of half an hour in the fashion aforetime recorded—not very wise nor witty talk, if you will, but very pleasant to make. There were many pauses There was much laughter over nothing in particular. There were any number of sentences ambitiously begun that ended nowhere. Altogether, it was just the sort of talk for a man and a maid

Yet some twenty minutes later Mr. Woods, preparing for luncheon in the privacy of his chamber, gave a sudden exclamation. Then he sat down and rumpled his hair thoroughly.

"Great Scott!" he groaned. "I'd forgotten all about that dashed money! Oh, you ass!—you abject ass! Why, she's one of the richest women in America, and you're only a fifth-rate painter with a paltry thousand or so a year! *You* marry her! Why, I dare say she's refused a hundred better men than you! She'd think you were mad! Why, she'd think you were after her money! She—oh, she'd only think you a precious cheeky ass, she would, and she'd be quite right You *are* an ass, Billy Woods! You ought to be locked up in some nice quiet stable, where your heehawing wouldn't disturb people. You need a keeper, you do!"

He sat for some ten minutes, aghast. Afterward he rose and threw back his shoulders and drew a deep breath

"No, we aren't an ass," he addressed his reflection in the mirror as he carefully knotted his tie. "We're only a poor, chuckle-headed moth who's been looking at a star too long. It's a bright star, Billy, but it isn't for you. So we're going to be sensible now. We're going to get a telegram to-morrow that will call us away from Selwoode. We aren't coming back any more, either. We're simply going to continue painting fifth-rate pictures, and hoping that some day she'll find the right man and be very, very happy."

Nevertheless, he decided that a blue tie would look better and he was very particular in arranging it

At the same moment Margaret stood before her mirror and tidied her hair for luncheon, and assured her image in the glass that she was a weak-minded fool. She pointed out to herself the undeniable fact that Billy, having formerly refused to marry her—oh, ignominy!—seemed pleasant-spoken enough, now that she had become an heiress. His refusal to accept part of her fortune was a very flimsy device; it simply meant he hoped to get all of it. Oh, he did, did he!

Margaret powdered her nose viciously

She saw through him! His honest bearing, she very plainly perceived to be the result of consummate hypocrisy. In his laughter her keen ear detected a hollow ring; and his courteous manner she found, at bottom, mere servility. And finally she demonstrated—to her own satisfaction, at least—that his charm of manner was of exactly the same sort that had been possessed by many other eminently distinguished criminals.

How did she do this? My dear sir, you had best inquire of your mother or your sister or your wife or any other lady that your fancy dictates. They know. I'm sure I don't.

And after it all——

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Margaret. "I *do* wish he didn't have such nice eyes!"

II

ON THE way to luncheon Mr. Woods came upon Adèle Haggage and Hugh Van Orden, both of whom he knew, very much engrossed in one another in a nook under the stairway. To Billy, it seemed just now quite proper that every one should be in love; wasn't it—after all—the most pleasant condition in the world? So he greeted them with a semi-paternal smile that caused Adèle to flush a little.

For she was—let us say—interested in Mr. Van Orden That was tolerably well known In fact, Margaret—prompted by Mrs. Haggage, it must be confessed—had invited him to Selwoode for the especial purpose of entertaining Miss Adèle Haggage; for he was a good match, and Mrs Haggage, as an experienced chaperon, knew the value of country-houses. Very unexpectedly, however, the boy had developed a disconcerting tendency to fall in love with Margaret, who snubbed him promptly and unmercifully. He had accordingly fallen back on Adèle, and Mrs Haggage had regained both her trust in Providence and her temper

In the breakfast room, where luncheon was laid out, the Colonel greeted Mr. Woods with the enthusiasm a sailor shipwrecked on a desert island might conceivably display toward the boat crew come to rescue him. The Colonel liked Billy; and, furthermore, the poor Colonel's position at Selwoode just now was not utterly unlike that of the supposititious mariner; were I minded to venture into metaphor I should picture him as clinging desperately to the rock of old fogeyism and surrounded by weltering seas of advanced thought. Colonel Hugonin himself was not advanced in his ideas. Also, he had forceful opinions as to the ultimate destination of those who were

Then Billy was presented to the men of the party—Mr. Felix Kennaston and Mr. Petheridge Jukesbury. Mrs. Haggage he knew slightly; and Kathleen Saumarez he had known very well indeed, some six years previously, before she had ever heard of Miguel Saumarez, and when Billy was still an undergraduate. She was a widow now and not well-to-do; and Mr. Woods' first thought on seeing her was that a man was a fool to write verses, and that she looked like just the sort of woman to preserve them

His second was that he had verged on imbecility when he fancied he admired that slender, dark haired type. A woman's hair ought to be an enormous coronal of sunlight, a woman ought to have very large candid eyes of a color between that of sapphires and that of the spring heavens, only infinitely more beautiful than either; and all petticoated persons differing from this description were manifestly quite unworthy of any serious consideration

So his eyes turned to Margaret, who had no eyes for him She had forgotten his existence, with an utterness that verged on ostentation; and if it had been any one else, Billy would have surmised she was in a temper. But that angel in a temper? Nonsense! And, oh, what eyes she had! And what lashes! And what hair! And, altogether, how adorable she was, and what a wonder the admiring gods hadn't snatched her up to Olympus long ago!

Thus far, Mr Woods

But if Miss Hugonin was somewhat taciturn, her counselors in divers schemes for benefiting the universe were in opulent vein. Billy heard them silently

"I have spent the entire morning by the lake," Mr Kennaston informed the party at large, "in company with a mockingbird who was practicing a new aria It was a wonderful place; the trees were lisping verses to themselves, and the sky overhead was like a robin's egg in color, and a faint wind was making tucks and ruches and pleats all over the water, quite as if the breezes had set up in business as mantua-makers. I fancy they thought they were working on a great sheet of blue silk, for it was very like that. And every once and a while a fish would leap and leave a splurge of bubble and foam behind that you would have sworn was an inserted lace medallion."

Mr. Kennaston, as you are doubtless aware, is the author of "The King's Quest," and other volumes of verse. He is a full-bodied young man with hair of no particular shade; and if his green eyes are a little aged, his manner is very youthful. His voice in speaking is wonderfully pleasing, and he has a habit of cocking his head on one side, in a birdlike fashion.

"Indeed," Mr. Petheridge Jukesbury observed, "it is very true that God made the country, and man made the town. A little more wine, please."

Mr. Jukesbury is a prominent worker in the cause of philanthropy and temperance. He is ponderous and bland; and for the rest, he is president of the Society for the Suppression of Nicotine and the Nude, vice-president of the Anti Inebriation League, secretary of the Incorporated Brotherhood of Benevolence and the bearer of divers similar honors.

"I am never really happy in the country," Mrs. Saumarez dissented; "it reminds me so constantly of our rural drama I am always afraid the quartette may come on and sing something"

Kathleen Eppes Saumarez, as I hope you do not need to be told, is the well-known lecturer before women's clubs, and the author of many sympathetic stories of nature and animal life of the kind that have had such a vogue of late

There was always an indefinable air of pathos about her; as Hunston Wyke put it, one felt, somehow, that her mother had been of a domineering disposition, and that she took after her father.

"Ah, dear lady," Mr. Kennaston cried playfully, "you, like many of us, have become an alien to Nature in your quest of a mere Earthly Paradox. Epigrams are all very well, but I fancy there is more happiness to be derived from a single impulse from a vernal wood than from a whole problem play of smart sayings So few of us are natural," Mr. Kennaston complained with a dulcet sigh; "we are too sophisticated. Our very speech lacks the tang of outdoor life. Why should we not love Nature—the great mother, who is, I grant you, the necessity of various useful inventions, in her angry moods, but who, in her kindly moments——" He paused, with a wry face. "I beg your pardon," said he, "but I believe I've caught rheumatism lying by that confounded pond"

Mrs. Saumarez rallied the poet with a pale smile. "That comes of communing with Nature," she reminded him; "and it serves you rightly, for natural communications corrupt good epigrams. I prefer Nature with wide margins and uncut leaves." She spoke in her best platform manner "Art should be an expurgated edition of Nature, with all the unpleasant parts left out. And I am sure," Mrs. Saumarez added, handsomely, and clinching her argument, "that Mr. Kennaston gives us much better sunsets in his poems than I have ever seen in the west"

He acknowledged this with a bow.

"Not sherry—claret, if you please," said Mr. Jukesbury.

"Art should be an expurgated edition of Nature," he repeated with a suave chuckle; "do you know, I consider that admirably put, Mrs. Saumarez—admirably, upon my word. Ah, if our latter-day writers would only take that saying to heart! We do not need to be told of the vice and corruption prevalent, I am sorry to say, among the very best people; what we really need is continually to be reminded of the fact that pure hearts and homes and happy faces are to be found to-day alike in the palatial residences of the wealthy and in the humbler homes of those less abundantly favored by

(Continued on Page 17)

IN ORDER TO RECOVER HERSELF, MARGARET ACTUALLY SAT DOWN UNDER THE MAPLE TREE

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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A Continuous Education

THIRTY-SIX years ago Mark Twain, in reply to a friend who asked him whether he did not think of marrying, said "I *am* taking thought of it. I am in love beyond all telling with the dearest and best girl in the world. I don't suppose she will marry me. I can't think it possible. She ought not to. But if she doesn't I shall always be sure that the best thing I ever did was to fall in love with her, and proud to have it known that I tried to win her."

He did win her, and his devotion throughout a beautiful married life, which ended in Mrs. Clemens' death during the present year, was quite the best chapter in the life and letters of the great American humorist.

It is good to think of the point he made when he said the best thing he ever did was to fall in love with the dearest girl in the world. People are inclined to smile at the young man in love, but down in their hearts they are glad of it, and they think more of him. What is better, he thinks more of himself. He has higher ideas about his appearance, the employment of his time and talent, the use of his money, the value of his opportunities and the whole scope of his future life. He has also his hopeless moments, for the average girl is trained through ages of heredity in the habit of not surrendering herself until fairly courted and caught, but the young man who perseveres and who is faithful to his love seldom fails. In the meanwhile the process of education goes on, and after the marriage also the process of education goes on.

Science versus Romance

THE romantic novelists, to whom love is a great, a single and an only thing, are fond of the idea that for every human heart there is one other human heart belonging to a person of the opposite sex, which is its complete and soul-satisfying complement. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who added the matter-of-fact sense of the scientist to the wit and fancy of the essayist, declared that if the truth were known the most soulful of all of us might find in the infinite hordes of his fellow-creatures not only one but hundreds of thoroughly satisfactory mates.

Set down in the detachment of the printed page, the sentence has a shrewd and piquant cynicism. A little incident in a New Jersey court the other day invested it with the aura of heart comedy or the pall of soul tragedy, as one chooses to view it.

A woman had mourned her first husband sincerely, and for two years. At the end of that time she had married again and was living on the terms of the happiest affection. Then, out of a clear sky of felicity, husband number one appeared. He had been in the Klondyke seeking his fortune. He had written and had sent money as often as he could; but the post had miscarried, and a false report of his death had betrayed his loving mate.

The magistrate before whom the three appeared asked the double wife which of the men she loved. "Why, I love them both!" she said with tears in her eyes; and throwing her arms about each in succession she kissed them both tenderly Truly the magistrate had need of more than the wisdom of Solomon, judging between the two women who claimed the same child

Those of us who are single and thinking of a mate have cause for hope—and for fear. Those of us who are in double harness, whether happy or unhappy, have cause for fear, certainly, and hope, perhaps! It is human, it is beautiful to desire that love shall be single and eternal, surviving life and the grave. But implacable Nature, in her businesslike zeal to keep the race alive, and to drive it upward and onward, sometimes makes short work of soul ideals.

Tennyson was grappling with the question in the lyric tragedy of thought when he wrote of Nature:

> So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life.

And the marriage ceremony, breathed full of the loftiest ideal of love, binds till death do us part.

A World-Wide Prejudice

MR. H. G. WELLS has fallen foul of the suburban resident, who, he declares, has not developed "any mental structure." Mr. George Moore has said that the British Empire has long since become the Brixton Empire, which is as much as to say that the American national anthem ought to be Hail Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. Mr. W. L. Alden, in a literary letter, protests that though he himself has long lived in a suburban "villa," he has mental structure enough to admire Mr. Wells' Love and Mr. Lewisham, and Mr. Moore's Esther Waters. Moreover, he alleges, he has not yet sunk to the level of Marie Corelli and Hall Caine. It is to be doubted whether even such cogent pleading will remove the prejudice against the suburbs. It is world-wide. All lovers of anecdote recall that retort of Mr. Choate's to a suburban lawyer in Westchester County, who ironically complimented him on his Chesterfieldian urbanity. Mr. Choate replied that it was not to be compared to his opponent's Westchesterfieldian suburbanity. A lady of kind if snobbish heart lately remarked that the retort was too brutal for wit.

It is time for the suburbanite to defend his majesty. Early to bed and early to rise, he leads the simple life. No midnight suppers and morning slumbers in his! By virtue of much commuting he leads the strenuous life. No gilded idleness for him. His house is his castle, and is frequently castellated by the architectural carpenter. He has his own vine and fig tree, and beneath them shout the bevy that prove him an opponent of race suicide. Only one thing is lacking to his perfect lot—a word of opprobrium to hurl back at the metropolitan. It was the suburban editor of a New York newspaper that invented what was meant to be a crushing epithet—"the Four Hundred." But the wretches smiled and appropriated the title, and are still content. Let not one repulse discourage. Being the man he is, the suburbanite will die in the last ditch before he admits that he has not mental structure enough to hit upon a term sufficiently opprobrious for the urbanite.

A Lesson from Russia

ON THE Russian railways there is a fourth class, and by it a traveler can go a hundred miles for a little more than half a dollar, the distance from New York to Chicago for a little less than two dollars and fifty cents, the distance from New York to San Francisco for eight dollars and eight cents.

Probably Russia could not teach us many things except those to avoid. But here is one, or, at least, a suggestion. It is of the highest value, not only to day laborers but also to workers of all classes, not only to the unemployed but also to the employed, that labor should be mobile, should flow quickly and easily to where there is a demand and away from where there is an oversupply. Very cheap railway fares combined with widespread intelligence of the condition of the labor market would promote this mobility. Employers as a class might not especially fancy this, except in the rare times of strike. But it is more important that wages be high than that the profits of employers be big. We have gratifyingly low railway fares for ordinary travel; but they should be lower.

Courage Knows No Country

A LARGE part of the "news" from the war in the Far East consists of stories of the physical courage of the Japanese and their contempt for death in the face of their enemies. These stories are always interesting, and the reading of them inspires generous emotions. But to comment upon them as wonderful or even unusual is absurd. Of course, the Japanese soldiers are brave; so are the Russians. So are the soldiers of any nation, unless their leaders destroy their morals; and even then they are often brave. It was Russian soldiers who threw themselves into the trench to fill it to the level so that their delayed artillery might roll into action over their crushed and mangled bodies. It was "Fuzzy Wuzzy" who staggered forward, shouting his songs of triumph through the sheets of flame from English squares. And whenever anywhere was there anything braver than our own soldiers at Cold Spring Harbor? They charged again and again, until they knew that to charge was folly; ordered to charge once more, they wrote their names on bits of paper and pinned them to their coats that their dead bodies might be easily identified, and charged

Of course, the human race is brave. What a pity to waste its bravery in murderous war when every bit of it is needed for the great struggle for universal right and light!

Resolutions for Voters

THIS pause before the Presidential campaign begins is, or ought to be, the time for all voters, by no means excluding the new ones, to make good resolutions. Such as:

I will not forget that my country is above my party and the group of politicians who reap all, or nearly all, the profits of a victory.

I will not forget that the party against which I vote is composed of politicians no worse than those of my party, and of voters just as patriotic and just as sincere as I am.

I will not forget that by listening to both sides I shall hear the truth about each, and shall thus be able to act more intelligently.

I will develop my intelligence and not my prejudices.

None of us ought to forget that the prejudiced voter is a worse enemy of his country than a venal voter. For the venal voter is a pariah and feels it, while the prejudiced voter gets applause, and the contempt for him which his masters feel is carefully hidden.

An Overworked Game

THE publishers report a great abatement in the demand for books of fiction, and profess to be at a loss to understand this further evidence of public fickleness. And last winter the theatrical managers wailed over the lack of interest on the part of the public in the dramas they presented

But is there any mystery about these two phenomena? With the magazines and newspapers educating public taste with critical reviews, with the readers growing swiftly in intelligence and discrimination, is it strange that the appetite for rubbish and sentimental slop shows signs of satiation?

Has any really good play, properly presented, been a failure? Is any good novel, properly advertised, being neglected? If so, then what previous offenses against the public confidence was the manager or publisher guilty of that the public avoids him when he cries genuine goods?

Genealogical Tree Study

IT WAS recently discovered, or rediscovered, that Oliver P. Morton, the famous Indiana politician of the near past, was in reality Oliver P. Throckmorton. His grandfather, impatient of the lengthening and useless "Throck," carried his name to the chopping-block and made it sizable, one mouthful for fame instead of two. That was in accordance with a good old American custom and theory. A name was a convenience, was personal, not genealogical. Such is the custom of kings.

It is difficult to fathom why a man or a woman should spend any part of his or her brief life in studying up his or her genealogy. It is the silliest of studies. For those who find out that their ancestors were less than they have made themselves are ashamed of the fact when they ought to be proud of it; while those who find out that their ancestors were more than they are proud of the fact when they ought to be heartily ashamed of it.

Nothing but dead fruit hangs on a genealogical tree. All the fruit worth preserving has been transferred to the gardens of fame.

The Rational Animal

THE writers of Nature stories, showing how much greater is the intelligence of the ordinary lower animal than of any but the most extraordinary human beings, have set the scientists to work with redoubled energy upon the problem of the motions of these animals' brains. And they seem to be demonstrating that in the few cases of seeming intelligence the brute does not reason, but is guided by the faculty from which reason sprang.

The sequence of this investigation would be to discover what proportion of the ails and thoughts of intelligent men is mechanical and wholly untouched by reason. This is an inquiry which every man can pursue for himself with himself as the subject. Perhaps some of us would be a good deal startled by a candid answer to the question, How many times a day do I, in thought or action, show that man is, indeed, the *rational* animal he boasts himself.

If the human race were to become through-and-through rational for one brief day, what a whisking away upon a wind of ridicule there would be of solemn fakes, frauds and farces that are now treated with respect, deference and even awe!

HURRICANE ISLAND

By H. B. Marriott Watson

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THE LITTLE CLERK, WHITE AND GASPING, RAISED HIS OAR AND STRUCK AT THEM

CHAPTER XXII
HOLGATE'S LAST HAND

THE first thought that passed through my mind was that we had lost our one hope of escape from Hurricane Island. Insensibly I had come to look on the Sea Queen as the vehicle of our rescue, and there she was, before my eyes, adrift on a tide that was steadily drawing her seaward. There could be no doubt as to that, for even as I gazed she made perceptible way and seemed to be footing it fast. I turned to Alix, who was by me, staring also.

"I will come back," I said rapidly. "I must go down."

"No, no," she said, detaining me.

"Dear, they will take no heed of me now. I am perfectly safe for the present. They are taken up with more important matters."

I squeezed her hands in both mine, turned and left her.

Holgate was some hundred yards in front of me, plunging heavily through the bushes. He called to mind some evil and monstrous beast of the forest that broke clumsily in wrath upon its enemy.

Down on the beach I could see that Gray and some of the others, who had already arrived, were casting the boat from her moorings. I labored after Holgate and came out on the beach near him. He ran down to the water's edge and called aloud:

"Put back. Put back, curse you."

The boat was some fifty yards from land by now, and was awash in a broken current. Three men bent to the oars

Holgate leveled his revolver and fired.

One of the men lay down grotesquely on his oar. He fired again, and one of the remaining two stood up, shook a fist toward the shore, and, staggering backward, capsized the boat in the surf. He must have sunk like lead with his wound, for he never rose to the surface; but the last man, who was Gray, battled gallantly with the flood, and endeavored to reach the boat, which was bottom upward. In this, however, he failed, for the tide seemed to suck him away. The boat drifted outward, and after a few ineffectual struggles, finding probably that his strength was failing him, Gray struck out toward the shore. He landed a hundred yards or more away from Holgate. Between the two men were gathered in a bunch, irresolute and divided in counsels, the remaining mutineers.

For the moment I think I was so taken up with the situation that I did not consider my own case. No one had eyes for me in the fast descending dusk, and behind the shelter of a bush I watched the course of that singular drama. Holgate had indifferently reloaded his revolver, and now stood holding it carelessly by his side.

"Jones, is that you? Come here," he called. But the knot of men did not move; and now Gray was walking rapidly toward it. It opened to receive him, and swallowed him up again cautiously, as if there was safety in that circle against the arch-mutineer. Holgate strode toward them in a leisurely manner.

"I suppose you guess where we are?" he said in his malevolent, fluent, wheezing tones. "You've dished us, Gray, my man."

Gray replied from the group with an oath, and there was an undercurrent of murmur as if a consultation was in progress.

"Say, where's that little lawyer cuss?" asked a voice, that of an American who was one of the hands. Holgate put one hand in his trousers pocket

"How should I know?" he said; "and what's that got to do with the situation?"

"It's your doing. You've put us in this hole. You've strung us up to-day in this cursed island," said Gray fiercely. "What did you shoot for? Haven't you any other use for your popgun?"

"Come out, Gray; come out, my man, and talk it over," said Holgate suavely. "You were always good at the gab. Step out in front, man," and he played ostentatiously with his revolver. But Gray did not budge.

I wondered why he was not shot there and then, if they were in this temper, for it was plain that some of them were armed. But I suppose that they were overawed by the bearing of the man, and, lawless ruffians as they were, were yet under the influence of some discipline. Holgate had known how to rule in his triumph, and the ghost of that authority was with him still in his defeat.

"Look here," called out Gray after further consultation. "This is as good as a trial, this is. You're standing for your life, Mr. Holgate, and don't you forget it. What d'ye say, Bill? Speak up. Give 'im 'is count."

"We accuse you of treachery and not behaving like a mate on ship about the treasure," sang out Jones in a loud, high monotone. "We accuse you, Mr. Holgate, of the murder of our two companions, Smith and Alabaster. We accuse you, furthermore, Mr. Holgate, of a conspiracy to cheat the company, us all being comrades."

"Now, Jones, that's a very parsonical view of yours, isn't it?" said Holgate with a sneer. "By gum, you regularly hit me off, Jones. You're the man to see his way through a brick wall. I killed Smith and Alabaster, did I? Well, what's the odds? Here was this man, Gray, who's frightened to face me, in there with you, and his two pals, making for the Sea Queen to rob you and me. Don't I know him and you, too? Where would we have been if I hadn't dropped 'em? Why, left, my good man, left."

"That's what we are now," said one of the mutineers, "regularly bousod — bousod and left. We're done."

"That's so," said Holgate suavely. "But at least Smith and Alabaster have paid their shot and lot, too. And that skunk behind you shall do it, too. Come out there, Gray, sneak and dog, and take your gruel"

He did not raise his voice perceptibly, but it seemed to wither the mutineers, who stood about ten paces from him. He waddled toward them.

"Out of the way, men, and let me see him. Blind me, I'd sooner have taken a bug into my confidence than Gray. He gets ahead of us with his long, thin legs, and, without so much as by your leave, swims out to sea to cop what belongs to you and me and all of us."

There was a murmur at this, and it was quite impossible to tell how the sympathies of the gang were going. But one called out again:

"Where's that Pye? Where's your spy?"

"So," says Holgate, "you are thinking of the doctor's story, are you? You fool, he was only playing for his life and the life of his best girl. Haven't you got the sense of a louse between you? Find Pye then, and screw it out of him. See how much he has to tell. It'll be worth your while, Garratt. Why, you fool, he's just a little clerk that was useful, and was going to get a tip for his pains. He wasn't standing in on our level. We came in on bed rock."

There was a hoarse, discordant laugh.

"With the yacht gone, and us on a God-forgotten tea-tray in midocean!" said a voice.

Upon that, in the dwindling light, a shout came from the group, and Holgate lifted his barrel deliberately.

"So, that's Gray, by thunder, is it? Well, Bill Gray, you're a brave man, and I'd take off my hat to you if my hands were free. Stand aside there, men, and let's see Bill Gray's ugly mug. Now then, divide, curse you, divide."

I never could determine whether Holgate in that moment realized that all was up, and the end was come, and had carried things through with a swagger, or whether he had a hope of escape. Nothing showed in his voice or in his manner save extreme resolution and contemptuous indifference. These men he had misled and cheated were to him no more than brutes of the field, to be despised and ridiculed and browbeaten At his words, indeed, the old habit of obedience asserted itself, and the knot fell apart; as it did I saw Gray with his revolver up, but Holgate did not move. He fired carefully, and Gray uttered a curse. Then another weapon barked, and Holgate moved a pace forward. He fired again, and a man dropped. Two or more shots rang out, and the arch-mutineer lifted his left hand slowly to his breast.

"Bully for you, Gray," he said, and fired yet once more.

The knot now had dissolved, and Gray ran in the gathering gloom a little way up the beach. He halted, and, raising his weapon, fired. It was abominable. It may have been execution, but it was horribly like murder. As Gray fired Holgate turned and put his hand to his shoulder. Immediately he let his last barrel go.

"Ha! That's you, Gray," he wheezed out. "I thought I'd do for you."

Crack! went Gray's pistol from his rear, and he swung round; his weapon dropped, and he began to walk up the beach steadily toward me. In the blue gloom I could see his eyes stolidly black and furtive, and I could hear him puffing. He came within ten paces of me, and then stood still and coughed in a sickening, inhuman way. Then he dropped and rolled heavily on to his back.

I had witnessed enough. Heaven knows, we had no reason to show mercy to that criminal, but that last hopeless struggle against odds had enlisted some sympathy, and I had a feeling of nausea at the sight of that collapse. He must have fallen riddled with bullets. He had played for high stakes, sacrificed many innocent lives, and died the death of a dog. And there he would rest and rot in that remote and desert island

I stole from my bush and crept upward through the darkness. I had not gone a hundred yards before my ears were caught by a rustling on my left. Had I put up some animal? I came to a pause, and then there was a swift rush, and a man's figure broke through the undergrowth and disappeared across the slope of the hill. It was near dark, but I thought in that instant I recognized it as the figure of the little lawyer's clerk.

When I reached the cavern I found no sign of any one, and I was wondering what could have become of my companions when I heard a voice calling low through the gloaming:

"Doctor Phillimore!"

It was Alix. I sprang to her side, and took her hands. Then I learnt that Legrand had decided as a counsel of prudence to occupy the second cavern on the northern slope, which he considered more private than that which we had found first.

"And you came back to warn me?" I asked in a low voice.

"No; I waited," said she as low. "I was afraid, although you told me . . . Ah, but you have never told me wrong yet. I believe you implicitly."

"Princess——" I said with emotion.

"No, no," she whispered. "Not any more . . never any more."

"Alix," I whispered, too, and I held her closer. She gave a little cry.

"What is it?" I asked anxiously.

For answer her head lay quiet on my shoulder, and the stars looked down upon a pale, sweet face. She had fainted. Now, the hand which clasped her arm felt warm and wet, and I shifted it hastily and bent down to her. It was blood. She was wounded. Tenderly I bound my handkerchief about the arm and waited in distress for her to revive. If we had only some of the mutineers' spirits! But presently she opened her eyes.

"Dearest . . . dearest," she murmured faintly.

"You are wounded, darling," I said. "Oh, why did you not tell me?"

ALIX WAS BY MY SIDE; AND THE BREEZE SANG IN THE SHEETS

"It was the first shot,' she said in a drowsy voice "When—when I had my arm about you '

I kissed that fair white arm, and then, for the first time, I kissed her lips

We reached Legrand's cave after Alix had rested, and I related the tragedy that had passed under my eyes on the beach below. Legrand listened silently and then

"He was a black scoundrel. He died as he should," he said shortly, and said no more

Wearied with our exertions, and exhausted by the anxieties of the day, we gradually sank to sleep, and as I passed off Alix's hand lay in mine. She slept sweetly, for all the profound miseries of those past days

I awoke to the sound of a bird that twittered in the bushes, and, emerging from the cavern, looked around. The sun was bright on the water, the foam sparkled, and the blue tossed and danced, as if Nature were revisiting happily the scene of pleasant memories. It seemed as if those deeds of the previous night—that long fight against Fate, those dismal forebodings, the tragedy of the Prince—were all separated from us by a gulf of years. It was almost impossible to conceive of them as belonging to our immediate precedent past and as coloring our present and our future. And yet, as my gaze swept the horizon it landed upon nothing less than the Sea Queen

I could have rubbed my eyes, and I started in amazement; my heart beat heavily. But it was true. There rode the yacht in the offing, idly swinging and plunging on the tide, and clearly under no man's control. She must have drifted in upon Hurricane Island again through the stress of some backward tide, and here she bobbed on the broken water, safe from the eyes of the mutineers. As soon as I had recovered from the shock of surprise I reëntered the cavern and woke Legrand, and in less than five minutes all of us were outside our shelter and gazing at the welcome sight.

"We have the boat hidden," said Legrand. "We must work our way back to it; and the sooner the better

"Too much risk," said I. "I know a better way. At the tail of the island we may be seen, and pursued. There are boats aboard, and she's not more than three hundred yards out

"What, swim?" he asked, and looked rueful. He was one of the many sailors I have known who had not that useful art

I nodded. "It won't take me long."

As I paused Alix caught my hand, she said nothing, but her eyes devoured me, and her bosom heaved. I smiled.

"My Princess!" I whispered, and her soul was in her look.

"I can't see a sign of any one on board," said Legrand, with his hand over his eyes.

"Mademoiselle would not be awake yet. It can't be later than five," said Lane, who was much better to-day.

"I make it five-thirty," said Legrand. "We have some time to ourselves if we have luck. After last night those fiends will sleep well and with easy consciences." He spoke grimly.

"Have everything ready," I called as I left. "We must not lose a chance or hazard anything."

"What do you think?" said Lane in his old cheerful manner

I quickly descended to the beach, threw off my coat, waistcoat and boots, and tightened my belt. Then I waded into the sea. It was cold, and, when I first entered, struck a chill into me; but presently, as I walked out into the deepening waters with the sparkling reflection of the sun in my eyes from a thousand facets of ripples, I began to grow warm. I reached water waist-high, and next moment I was swimming

The tide sucked at me in a strong current, and soon, I perceived, would carry me across the Sea Queen's prow unless I made a struggle. The water was racing under me, and I felt that my strength was as nothing compared with it. I was thrown this way and that as the flood moved. My passage had been taken incredibly quick, and now I was conscious that I was past the level of the yacht, and I turned and battled back. So far as I could see I made no impression on the space that separated me from her, and I began to despair of reaching the yacht. In my mind I revolved the possibility of going with the flood and trusting to work ashore at the tail of the island. If that were not practicable I was lost, for I should be blown out to the open sea.

Just as these desperate reflections crossed my mind the Sea Queen's stern, off which I was struggling, backed; she came round to the wind and jammed, so that the flutter of canvas which she still carried cracked above the voice of the seas Then her nose swung right round upon me, with the bubble under her cutwater. It was almost as if she had sighted a doomed wretch and was come to his assistance. Her broadside now broke the tide for me, and I began to see that I was creeping up to her; and, thus encouraged, foot by foot made my way, until at last I reached her, and by the aid of a trailing sheet got aboard

Once aboard I waved across the intervening stretch of sea to my friends, and looked about me. There was no sign or sound of life anywhere on the yacht She swung noisily, with creaks and groans, to the pulse of the tide, but there was no witness to human presence there. Mademoiselle immediately was in my thoughts, and I found my way to the staterooms to reassure her, if she should be awake. They were as we had left them, save that every cabin had been ransacked and every box turned inside out. The cabins were empty, and so was the boudoir. Clearly Mlle. Trébizond was not there. I went down into the saloon, but nothing rewarded me there and afterward I turned along the passage that led to the officers' quarters and, farther on, the steward's room. Here, too, was my own surgery, and instinctively I stopped when I reached it. The door stood ajar. No doubt, I thought, like every other place it had suffered the ravages of the mutineers. I opened it wide, and started back, for there on the floor, a bottle in her hand, and her features still and tragic, lay Yvonne Trébizond

I stooped to her, but I knew it was useless even without glancing at the bottle she held. She had sought death in the despair of her loneliness. The Sea Queen had carried out upon the face of the dark waters the previous evening an unhappy woman to a fate that she could not face. She had chosen death to that terrible solitude on the wilderness of the ocean. I lifted her gently and carried her to one of the cabins, disposing the body on a bunk. Then I returned to the deck, for I had work to do that pressed. I experienced no difficulty in loosing one of the remaining boats, and, dropping into her, I began to row toward the island

Legrand had the party at the water's edge, and they were in the boat in a very brief space of time. We shoved off, and now Legrand and Ellison had oars in addition to myself. So that what with that and the tide we made good progress. We had not, however, got more than half-way to the yacht when Legrand paused on his oars and I saw his face directed along the beach. I followed his glance, and saw to my astonishment a boat bobbing off the spit of the island

It's our boat!" said I

"Yes," he said; "the ruffians are up and about Give way, give way."

We bent to the oars, but as we did so a number of figures appeared round the bend of the land where we had passed our first night. Shouts reached us. The figure in the boat was working his oars with frantic haste, and now Legrand called out suddenly:

Pye"

Pye it was, and it was also apparent now that he was aiming for us, and that he was striving to get away from the mutineers. He stood out to sea, and pulled obliquely toward the yacht. Obviously he was better content to trust himself to our mercies than to the ruffians with whom he had consorted. He was a coward, I knew, and I remembered then his white face and his terror at the time of the first onslaught. I remembered, too, how vaguely, how timidly and how ineffectually he had endeavored to warn me of the coming massacre. He was a miserable cur, he had been largely responsible for the bloody voyage; but I could not help feeling some pity for him. I hung on my oars.

Shall we pick him up?" I asked.

Legrand's only answer was an oath. He had forgotten the presence of Alix, I think. His eyes blazed above his red cheeks. "Let him go to his friends in h——," he said.

By the time we reached the Sea Queen some of the mutineers who had started running when they saw us had got to the water's edge opposite to us, and one or two of them plunged in In the distance the others were pursuing Pye and his boat

Legrand, meanwhile, had taken the wheel, and Ellison set about the sails. I did what I could to help, and it was not many minutes ere we had the topsails going. Under that pressure the yacht began to walk slowly. Seeing this the mutineers on the shore raised a howl, and two more jumped in to join the swimmers, who were now half-way to us Legrand cried out an order, and Ellison had the jibsail stretched, and the Sea Queen quickened her pace under the brisk breeze The swimming mutineers dropped behind. There must have been half a dozen of them in the water and now we saw that they had given up the attempt to reach us in that way, and had fallen back on a new idea. They turned aside to intercept Pye

The little lawyer's clerk was paddling for life, and knew it; but he made no way. The yacht moved faster, and he sent up to Heaven a dreadful scream that tingled in my ears I made a step toward Legrand, but he merely gave one glance backward toward the boat and then fixed his gaze on the wide horizon of interminable sea, as though he thus turned his back forever on Hurricane Island and all there

I looked back to the unhappy man. He had fallen away now, but still labored at his oars. The swimmers could not have been more than twenty yards from him. Just then Alix's voice was low with agitation in my ears

'Yvonne; where is Yvonne?'

I turned to her and took her hand "She will need no further care of yours, sweetheart," I said. "She has played her last tragedy."

Alix, looking at me, sighed, and ere she could say more Lane intervened in huge excitement.

"Thank the Lord, Phillimore, the treasure's all in my safes again. By crickey, is it all a dream?"

"Yes," I answered, looking at Alix; "all a bad nightmare"

I looked away across the sea

"What are you looking at?" she asked. "They cannot catch us, can they?"

The foremost mutineers had reached the boat and were climbing aboard. The little clerk, white and gasping, raised his oar and struck at them, with screams of terror, striking and screaming again.

"Hush! don't look, darling," said I, and I put my hands before her eyes. "It is the judgment of God"

She shuddered. Pye's shrieks rang in my ear; I glanced off the taffrail, and saw that the mutineers had possession of the boat. They were busy with the oars. I could see no one else The boat was headed toward us

Legrand cast a glance of indifference backward

"If you care to hold the wheel, Phillimore, we can rig that other sail," he said. I took the wheel. Alix was by my side; and the breeze sang in the sheets.

"We're going home, dear heart," I whispered.

She moved closer to me, shuddered and sighed, and I think the sigh was a sigh of contentment

The Sea Queen dipped her nose and broke into a sharper pace. She was going home

(THE END)

HIS WEAPON DROPPED, AND HE BEGAN TO WALK UP THE BEACH STEADILY TOWARD ME

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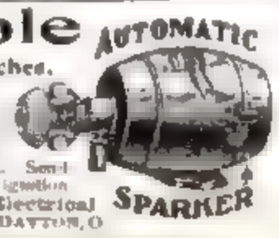

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COAL OIL JOHNNY

(Concluded from Page 6)

'and it's kind of stuck in my head ever since.' It had certainly stuck remarkably well, for the farmer attacked the shoe with the precision of a veteran. Loosening the lugs, and using the two strippers against each other with adroitness and strength, he quickly reached the point where he could draw out the inner tube.

When the tire was pumped up, and Jess was again about to take her place at the steering-wheel, the farmer sprang a fresh surprise.

"Hold on a minute," he said. "What's been making you miss so horribly on the off cylinder?"

"Oh, the whole engine has been acting like the dickens," she returned distressfully. "It hasn't been developing half its power. It's in one of its mean humors to-day, and behaving like a pig."

"Couldn't you take off that front thing and let's see what's the trouble," said the countryman, taking a jump back into his drawl.

And then, wrench in hand, he made a prolonged examination of the machinery. Then he turned over the engine and listened. Then he turned over the engine again and listened some more. Then he crawled in under the wagon, reappearing with a lick of grease over one eye.

"It gets me," he said. "Everything's tip-top as far as I can see. I ran a little oil out of the crank-case on general principles, and as for the bearings, they're as cool as cool."

"Suppose you crank up, and let's try again," said the girl.

But the car went worse than ever. Instead of missing ocasionally the engine began to run now in gasps. Just when Jess waited for it to die altogether it would give another cough and take another spurt ahead, progressing the car in a series of agonizing little rushes, every one promising to be the last. To add to Jess' discomfiture there was a fairly steep hill looming in front of them, and she foresaw their being stalled at the bottom. They made another stop. A pair of new spark-plugs were put in, but, instead of improving, the gasping got gaspier than ever. Still another stop, to replace the high tension wires.

But no improvement was effected. A weird, whizzling sound added itself to the other noises. Every gasp brought them nearer the hill, where, at the foot, the engine gave one awful hiccough and died dead.

"We might manage to crawl home the way we came," said Jess, at her wits' end.

"No, there's only one thing to do," said the farmer decisively, "and that's to start all over again from the beginning and ferret out the trouble."

He got out again. So did Jess. So did the three touts. So did the rooster. It was a depressing moment.

Jess took off her long coat, laid it on one side of the road, and deposited her cap, mask and gauntlets. It would take time to put the car to rights, and she didn't wish to be hampered. Her dark, glowing, girlish face came as a revelation to the three young sports. She had been hidden behind so much glass and leather that the transformation was startling. The horsy gentlemen uttered murmurs of surprise and gratification. One of them sidled up to her with a leer.

"We've had a bum ride in your bum wagon," he said, "and now you've stuck us down here nine miles from the nearest beer! You've a lot to answer for, you have."

"I shall certainly return your money," returned Jess coldly. "I can't do more than that, can I?"

"Oh, yes, you can, you wicked little chafer," he said, giving a wink over his shoulder to his companions. "What's the matter with a kiss?" And with that he passed his arm round her waist.

What happened next happened quicker than it takes to write it. The farmer's right hand descended on the young man's collar, and his left executed a succession of slaps on the young man's countenance which for vigor and swiftness could not have been done better by machinery. Then he trailed him to one side of the road, still shaking him in an iron grasp, and kicked him into the ditch.

"Help!" roared the young man repeatedly in the course of these proceedings. "Help!"

This brought to the rescue his two friends, who, for the instant, had been too spellbound to move. The farmer squared his fists and received the newcomers on his knuckles. He was a clean hitter, and from the way he pirouetted and skipped you would have said he could dance, too. The three young sports, considerably the worse for wear, fled pell-mell for the barbed wire fence that bordered the road, and went over it in the twinkling of an eye. Only a few bits of what they would probably have called "nobby pants," speckled here and there on the barbs, betrayed to later wayfarers this new instance of man's inhumanity to man.

"Do you know, we have never looked at the contact-box," said the farmer, returning to the car quite calmly to take up the interrupted thread of his conversation.

The tears were streaming down Jess' face and her voice was scarcely controllable.

"It's a b-b-brush s-s-system," she said "and it has always worked b-b-beautifully, and I never could have f-f-forgiven myself if they had h-h-hurt you!"

The farmer did not hear more than half the sentence. He was on his knees, peering down into the works. Suddenly he raised his head with an expression of triumph.

Bing! And a stone struck one of the kerosene lamps with a vicious crash. Bing! And another just missed the countryman's rumpled hair. Bing! And a mud-guard shook with a loud and tinny reverberation. The enemy, lined up in the neighboring field, and yelling shrilly, were opening up a rear-guard action with artillery.

"The contact-box is upside down," cried the farmer. "I can't see how it ever worked at all. Yank me out a screwdriver quick!"

The contact-box was on the exposed side. The farmer tried to hunch himself into the least compass possible, but his broad back and powerful frame interfered with his efforts to make a human hedgehog of himself. He was hit twice, one a grazing shot that brought out blood on his cheek, the other a stinger on the hand.

"Scratch up a few rocks," he called to Jess, doggedly continuing his work, and keeping a careful eye on the screws he was taking out.

She got a dozen or so, and passed them over to him in a piece of chamois leather taken from the tool kit. He caught it up and ran for the fence, the enemy retiring precipitately out of range. But if he made no bull's-eyes he had a pleasant sense, for a moment or two, of dominating the situation. Then he returned hurriedly to the car.

"I wonder if you and I couldn't push her round," he said to Jess. "They'll be back again in a minute, and then it will be altogether too sunny on this side." The pair of them laid on to the spokes of the driving wheels, and with a yeo-heave-yeo managed to head the Manton in the direction of its native Stockport. Then the farmer settled to work again, Jess scurried about searching for ammunition, and the three young touts rained shower on shower of stones. If ever delicate adjustments were made under difficulties it was on that Manton on that fateful occasion. The only alleviation of an otherwise intolerable situation was the magnificent behavior of the contact-box, which now, right side up and readjusted, showed every symptom of meaning to do its duty.

It was anxiously put to the test, and on the engine being started the farmer and Jess were rewarded by the chippetty, chippetty, chippetty, chippetty of perfect sparking and combustion.

The farmer rolled back the enemy, recovered Jess' coat and his own rooster, seated himself at the wheel, gave the girl a hand in, threw in his clutches and speeded up.

"Slow down!" cried Jess. "Slow down please. I want to leave their horrid money on the road."

"Not on your life," said the farmer. "That three dollars belongs to the St. John's Home for Incurable Children!"

"You oughtn't to know anything about the St. John's Home," said Jess.

"Oh, I forgot—I don't," he retorted brazenly. "Only that three dollars is going to stay on board this car. If anybody ever earned three dollars by the sweat of their brow I guess it was you and me!"

Jess put her hands up to his head and deliberately drew off his hat, drew off his red wig, drew off his red whiskers, and tossed them all back into the tonneau. "Are you sorry I came?" said Coal Oil Johnny.

"There are some emotions that cannot be put into words," she answered. "I won't try to say anything. I can't. But if I should ever seem unkind, or distant, or forgetful, or anything but the joy of your whole future existence—just you say contact-box, and I'll melt!"

GIRLS who GOLF
or indulge in any amusement which exposes them to the sun will find
MENNEN'S
Borated Talcum
TOILET POWDER
invaluable. It imparts a refreshing coolness to the body, and gives a healthy tone to parched skin. For Man, after bathing or exercise it is equally valuable. For baby—it makes life comfortable.
MENNEN'S
fills every toilet need
Its many merits have made it famous. Numerous dangerous and cheap substitutes have been offered to take its place—but MENNEN'S has never been duplicated. To secure the genuine
MENNEN'S
Borated Talcum
TOILET POWDER
look for MENNEN'S picture on the lid of the box.
Sold everywhere or sent by mail for 25c. Sample free if you mention this magazine.
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MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM

THE SAVING HABIT

THIRTY-NINE thousand people representing every state in the Union speak of the CLEVELAND TRUST COMPANY as "My Bank"—Their deposits aggregate over $21,000,000.00—

And although they are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific Uncle Sam and his mail trains bring them all next door to one of the strongest financial institutions in the world—

THE CLEVELAND TRUST COMPANY makes banking by mail so simple and practical—and so absolutely safe, that thrifty people everywhere are glad to avail themselves of its privileges.

It pays 4% compound interest on savings—has assets of $24,000,000, and accepts deposits in any amount from $1 up—

If you are interested in acquiring the Saving Habit—write for the booklet

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No. 1, EUCLID AVENUE CLEVELAND, O.

Army & Navy Liquid Glue

sticks everything stickable.

Will mend even broken hearts—if they are made of china, glass, wood, ivory or leather.

This newly invented liquid glue is made of raw hide and sinews. Other liquid glues and cements are made from fish sounds.

If your dealer hasn't Army & Navy Liquid Glue send 5 cents for sample tube to

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Substitutes for Williams' Shaving Soap are dangerous. Beware of them!

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

Earn With Safety 5%

This is a fair rate to receive on your money. Your savings invested with THE INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS AND LOAN CO. are free from speculative dangers and yet [illegible] 5 per annum on [illegible] every way to receive the highest safe returns.

Endorsed by the most conservative authorities upon investments

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. 5% PER ANNUM

[illegible] Per Annum [illegible] *New York Banking Dept. Our patrons in every State of the Union—their increased investments prove their satisfaction.* Write for particulars.

Assets, $1,700,000. Surplus and Profits, $160,000.

Industrial Savings & Loan Co.
1135 Broadway, New York

A SQUEEZE IN SMOKE

(Concluded from Page 6)

these insurance people swindled me out of damages I sustained by fire when I was doing business down West Street way. They sneaked out of making good through a technical rathole. It was just taking the money out of my pocket. But I declared that I'd get even somehow. Insurance people do hate to have it get in the papers that they are 'welching,' even if there's a funny side to it, as in this case. The news travels, thanks to the boys. Lord, how I'd hate to have you and the rest of the gang on my trail, Jones."

Jones smiled depreciatingly and Seaver resumed: "Anyhow, there's the inside of the whole matter. I intend to have fun with 'em If necessary, I'll just put the case in my lawyer's hands. Jones——" he exploded with laughter, "I'd have given a fifty-dollar bill if you'd been here to have seen their faces when I flashed the postal-cards on them"

Then Jones departed, appraising Mr. Seaver as a mighty good, whole-souled sort of chap who knew how to treat a reporter decently when he met him.

The morning following the newspapers all carried an account of the affair. The Planet treated at length and with much humor. So did the Luminary. The Epoch, the most respectable as well as the most stupid of the metropolitan dailies, considered with ludicrous solemnity the issue raised by Seaver. Two of the papers didn't call La Salina by its name. The others did.

Mr. Chedwick advented during the day. He was puzzled, agitated and a trifle alarmed. "I don't know what the deuce they'll say in England to this—very remarkable—action of yours," he said

"I'm sure I don't care," yawned the other.

"And then—you'll pawdon me—Seaver, but I don't see by—ah—what right you make the claims, anyhow, you know. The business is—ah—really ours, you know. The insurance policies are—ah—part of the assets of the firm—bought by us, you know."

"True," said Seaver, "but—dear me, Chedwich, have I to be everlastingly referring you to your contracts. Do you forget that I've the right to collect outstanding debts up to the sixteenth? Are not these claims outstanding debts? The cigars were smoke—burned before the sixteenth—the date we signed our agreement."

Chedwich heaved a sigh of sorrowful resignation. "Well," he said, "I hope everything will turn out all right, but, you know—ah—we wouldn't dare to do such things in England"

"Don't doubt it," retorted Seaver. "Now, look here, old chap, don't you worry your eye teeth out of your gums. I know what I'm doing. If you don't find that the sales of La Salina increase during the week I'll give you a receipt in full for what's coming to me under the terms of our advertising agreement."

Reporters from the afternoon papers, the Glib and Express, called during the morning. Mr. Seaver received them cordially, refrained from showing the slightest desire to get into print, told a good story or two and insisted upon their passing on his cigars. The afternoon papers treated him excellently. Jones' copy, in the meantime, was flying all over the country. Mr. Johnson was told to pay a three-months' subscription to all the local press-clipping bureaus

Within three days there was a noticeable increase in the demand for La Salina. The claim on the insurance companies had appealed to the national sense of humor. We Americans will do much for the man who excites our curiosity or makes us smile. We did so in this instance. The stores developed a rushing business. Orders began to arrive from out of town. Mr. Chedwich was much relieved, although yet a bit dubious. Every day brought more clippings to Mr. Seaver.

Not hearing further from the insurance people, Mr. Seaver next instructed his lawyers, Trovel, Toby & Kobbs, to write them demanding a settlement, and, failing to obtain it, to begin suit against them for the amount of the claims. A private note to the senior partner of the law firm ran thus:

> *Dear Jack:* The herewith is to show to the reporters when they call on you. Of course, I don't intend to go ahead further. Savez? STEVE.

The new move in the matter was duly recorded by Lovejoy, Jones and the other newspaper men. Many and many were the clippings added to the fat scrapbook in the Seaver inner office in consequence, and the insurance people ceased to treat the incident as a joke. Of course, they felt certain that Seaver would never really try to collect in the courts, yet public opinion, ridicule and innuendo is a bad combination for persons or corporations to play against. Besides, and following the example of the Epoch, some publications treated the case in all seriousness. The Forensic Journal, for example, gave a brief mention to "the pending suit of S. O Seaver against the Andes Fire Insurance Company and others for claims for cigars destroyed by fire." And as S. O Seaver had already remarked, the corporations did hate to have it hinted that they "welched."

Matters stood thus when one fine morning William Twombley, vice-president of the Lion Insurance Company, one of the involved corporations, presented himself at the Seaver offices. Mr. Seaver he knew, personally and in a business way. For that reason he had been elected a committee of one to reason with the contentious brother.

"Steve," he said after a little preliminary sparring, "what is the meaning of this move of yours?"

"William," replied Mr. Seaver, "I believe that Nature when she ran short of material made the skulls of insurance men out of slag"

"So thick are we," growled the other

"Precisely. I've already told your representatives that I'm going to collect under the very specific clauses of your policies."

"But don't be several sorts of assorted fools, Steve—you know you can't."

"Don't be so cocksure about that. Anyhow, and in view of the way you soaked me for premiums, I'm trying to get money or fun out of you. I've paid hundreds and hundreds of dollars to your octopus of a corporation alone, and when I make an effort to get some of my good corn back, one of its bloated officials calls on me and calmly tells me that I'm up against it."

The visitor began to see a great light.

"Steve," said he, "you're getting out of the La Salina concern, are you not?"

"Yep"

"Well, I'm going to have all—all, mind you—of your policies canceled."

"Yep," said Seaver again, but the flicker of a laugh shot over his face.

"And—so that there'll be no hard feelings—I'll see that you get your premiums back in full."

"With the usual rate of interest added thereto," suggested Mr. Seaver.

"I hate to call a man a hog, but—you'll get our checks when we're satisfied that this monkey business is stopped."

"Agreed," was the reply. "Give me a memorandum to that effect."

"Nix," said the insurance man.

"Sure," said Seaver, "put it how you like, but give me protection of some sort."

The matter was finally arranged and the couple parted. Then Mr. Seaver telephoned to Mr. Chedwich, asking him to drop in during the afternoon. Mr. Chedwich did so.

"I'd like to have a settlement with you over the advertising," remarked Mr. Seaver. "Here's the scrapbook and here's the bill. You can confirm it by the clippings."

The Englishman had a mild attack of vertigo when he examined the account. It amounted to over $4000.

"I say, Seaver," he remonstrated, "isn't that frightfully steep for less than a couple of weeks. And besides, you know, you've—well, the newspapers have done all the work, you know, not you."

Seaver rose wearily and walked to the safe from which he took a long envelope.

"There's your agreement in black and white. There, I repeat, is the scrapbook. And there is the detailed bill. Look 'em over as much as you like. But if you repudiate or try to shave the account, I shall give the contract to the reporters and a verbal explanation, also. I guess they'll give you advertising enough without charge."

Mr. Chedwich hopped to his feet spasmodically

"My deah fellow, I beg—I beg that you will not believe for—ah—a moment that I—ah—am trying to evade payment. On the contrary, I have—but why bandy needless words. The La Salina has benefited much by your ingenuity, believe me. I'll draw a check for the—ah—amount involved right now"

He did so. Mr. Stephen Oliphant Seaver placed the slip of paper in his billbook.

"By the way, Chedwich," he said, with one of his ancient smiles, "you'd better go hunting for insurance. All the policies were canceled to-day."

Last Month of Our Reduced Price Sale

Suits, Skirts and Jackets, at One-Fourth Reduction from our Catalogue Prices

This sale will positively end September 8th, and reduced price orders reaching us after that date cannot be filled.

$10.00	Suits now		$ 7.50
20 00	"	"	15.00
30.00	"	"	22.50
$ 5.00	Skirts now		$ 3.75
8.00	"	"	6 00
12.00	"	"	9 00

We prepay Express Charges to any part of the U S

This is the last announcement of our reduced price sale, so act quickly if you wish to take advantage of it.

We have a splendid line of fabrics, including light weight Broadcloths, Zibelines, Cheviots, Mannish Mixtures etc., all of which are suitable for early Fall wear. Many of our choicest materials, however, will probably be closed out before September 8th, therefore it will be advisable for you to place your order at once while you have a full line from which to select

WE GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU. Remember you take no risk in dealing with us. If any garment fails to give entire satisfaction return it promptly and we will refund your money.

State particularly that you wish **Summer Catalogue No. 51-S** and the reduced price samples, sent FREE to any part of the U S

New Fall Catalogue Ready August 22d.

We are now receiving from abroad the very latest styles and fabrics for Fall [illegible] our new catalogue is in preparation and will be ready about August 22d. It will contain illustrations and descriptions of 120 styles of ladies' tailored suits from $10 to $35, skirts $4 to $15, and jackets $10 to $25, which we will make to order only

If you contemplate the purchase of a Fall or Winter garment, write to-day for a selected line of **Samples** and **New Fall Catalogue No. 51 F**—sent [illegible] as soon as ready. It is part of the [illegible] to [illegible] whether you want samples for a suit, skirt or jacket, and [illegible] the colors you prefer

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT CO.
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branch Stores

Largest capital and surplus of any savings bank in the world means much to depositors in

The Bank that Pays

4%

Capital $1,000,000 *Surplus $1,000,000*

Booklet telling how to bank by mail sent free if you mention this magazine.

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK
of PITTSBURGH, PA.

ROYAL MANTELS AND GRATES

Have an established reputation for Correct Style, Finish, Workmanship and Material. Why? Because we sell direct from factory to home and put into our goods the profit generally allowed the middle-man

We sell a Beautiful CABINET MANTEL as low as $6.75

Guaranteed, too.

Send for our FREE Handsome Book, the "ADVANCE COURIER" of the Royal Line, showing many beautiful new designs. It will save you money whether you want any kind of Mantels, Grates, Tiles or Tile Floor Fittings

WHITE MANTEL & TILE CO.
608 Gay Street Knoxville, Tenn.

We Carpet Your Floor for $3

WITH OUR NEW

Bruxelle Art Rugs

Can be used on both sides, all colors and sizes, to beautiful patterns

Sanitary, Artistic, Economical

Each cleaned, warranted to outwear higher-priced carpets. Upon postage prepaid. New and enlarged catalogue showing rugs in actual colors free. Money refunded if not satisfactory. **Sanitary Mfg Co., Inc.**, 100 Oxford St., Philadelphia, Pa

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

(Continued from Page 11

fortune, and yet dwelling together in harmony and Christian resignation and—er—comparatively moderate circumstances."

"Surely," Mrs. Saumarez protested, "art has nothing to do with morality. Art is a process. You see a thing in a certain way; you make your reader see it in the same way—or try to. If you succeed, the result is art. If you fail, it may be the book of the year."

"Enduring immortality and—ah—the patronage of the reading public," Mr. Jukesbury placidly insisted, "will be awarded, in the end, only to those who dwell upon the true, the beautiful and the—er—respectable. Art must cheer; it must be optimistic and edifying and—ah—suitable for young persons; it must have an uplift, a leaven of righteousness, a—er—a sort of moral baking-powder. It must utterly eschew the—ah—unpleasant and repugnant details of life. It is, if I may so express myself, not at home in the *ménage à trois* or—er—the representation of the nude. Yes, another glass of claret, if you please."

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Haggage in her deep voice. Sarah Ellen Haggage is, of course, the well-known author of Child Labor in the South and The Down-Trodden Afro-American, and other notable contributions to literature. She is, also, the Madame President both of the Society for the Betterment of Civic Government and Sewerage, and of the Ladies' League for the Edification of the Impecunious.

"And I am glad to see," Mrs. Haggage presently went on, "that the literature of the day is so largely beginning to chronicle the sayings and doings of the laboring classes. The virtues of the humble must be admitted in spite of their dissolute and unhygienic tendencies. Yes," Mrs. Haggage added, meditatively, "our literature is undoubtedly acquiring a more elevated tone; at last we are shaking off the scintillant and unwholesome influence of the French."

"Ah, the French!" sighed Mr. Kennaston; "a people who think depravity the soul of wit! Their art is mere artfulness. They care nothing for Nature."

"No," Mrs. Haggage assented, "they prefer nastiness. *All* French books are immoral. I ran across one the other day that was simply hideously indecent—unfit for a modest woman to read. And I can assure you that none of its author's other books is any better. I purchased the entire set at once and read them carefully, in order to make sure that I was perfectly justified in warning my working-girls' classes against them. I wish to misjudge no man."

She breathed heavily and looked at Mr. Woods as if, somehow, he was responsible. Then she gave the name of the book to Petheridge Jukesbury. He wished to have it placed on the *Index Expurgatorius* of the Brotherhood of Benevolence, he said.

"Dear, dear," Felix Kennaston sighed, as Mr. Jukesbury made a note of it; "you are all so practical. You perceive an evil and proceed at once, in your common-sense way, to crush it, to stamp it out. Now, I can merely lament certain unfortunate tendencies of the age; I am quite unable to contend against them. Do you know," Mr. Kennaston continued gayly as he trifled with a bunch of grapes, "I feel horribly out of place amongst you? Here is Mrs. Saumarez creating an epidemic of useful and improving knowledge throughout the country by means of her charming lectures. Here is Mrs. Haggage, the mainspring, if I may say so, of any number of educational and philanthropic alarm clocks, which will some day rouse the sleeping public from its lethargy. And here is my friend Jukesbury, whose eloquent pleas for a higher life have turned so many workmen from gin and improvidence, and which in a printed form are disseminated even in such remote regions as Africa, where I am told they have produced the most satisfactory results upon the unsophisticated but polygamous monarchs of that continent. And here, above all, is Miss Hugonin, utilizing the vast power of money—which I am credibly informed is a very good thing to have, though I cannot pretend to speak from experience—and casting whole bakeryfuls of bread upon the waters of charity. And here am I, the idle singer of an empty day—a mere drone in this hive of philanthropic bees! Dear, dear," said Mr. Kennaston enviously, "what a thing it is to be practical!" And he laughed toward Margaret in his whimsical way.

Miss Hugonin had been strangely silent; but she returned Mr. Kennaston's smile, and began to take part in the conversation.

"You're only an ignorant child," she rebuked him, "and a very naughty child, too, to make fun of us in this fashion."

"Yes," Mr. Kennaston assented; "I am willfully ignorant. The world adores ignorance; and where ignorance is kissed, it is folly to be wise. To-morrow I shall read you a chapter from my Defense of Ignorance, which my confiding publisher is going to bring out in the autumn."

So the table-talk went on, and now Margaret bore a part therein.

However, I do not think we need record it further.

Mr. Woods listened in a sort of a daze. Adèle Haggage and Hugh Van Orden were conversing in low tones at one end of the table, the Colonel was eating his luncheon, silently and with a certain air of resignation; and so, Billy Woods was left alone to attend and marvel.

The ideas they advanced seemed to him for the most part sensible. What puzzled him was the uniform gravity which they accorded equally—as it appeared to him—to the discussion of the most pompous platitudes and of the most arrant nonsense. They were always serious; and the general tone of infallibility Billy thought, could be warranted only by a vast fund of inexperience.

But, in the main, they advocated theories he had always held—excellent theories, he considered. And he was seized with an unreasonable desire to repudiate every one of them. For it seemed to him that every one of them was aimed at Margaret's approval. It did not matter to whom a remark was ostensibly addressed; always at its conclusion the maker glanced more or less openly toward Miss Hugonin. She was the audience to which they zealously played, thought Billy; and he wondered.

I think I have said that owing to the smallness of the house-party luncheon was served in the breakfast-room. The dining-room at Selwoode is very rarely used, because Margaret declares its size makes a meal there equivalent to eating out-of-doors.

And I must confess that the breakfast-room is far cosier. The walls and ceiling are paneled in oak, and over the mantel carved in bas-relief the inevitable Eagle is displayed.

The mantel stood behind Margaret's chair, and over her golden head, half-protectingly, half-threateningly, with his wings stretched to the uttermost, the Eagle brooded as he had once brooded over Frederick R. Woods. The old man sat contentedly beneath that symbol of what he had achieved in life. He had started (as the phrase runs) from nothing; he had made himself a power. To him, the Eagle meant that crude, incalculable power of wealth he gloried in. And to Billy Woods, the Eagle meant identically the same thing, and—I am sorry to say—he began to suspect that the Eagle was really the audience to whom Miss Hugonin's friends so zealously played.

Perhaps the misanthropy of Mr. Woods was not wholly unconnected with the fact that Margaret never looked at him. *She'd* show him!—the fortune-hunter!

So her eyes never strayed toward him, and her attention never left him. At the end of luncheon she could have enumerated for you every morsel he had eaten, every glare he had directed toward Kennaston, every beseeching look he had turned to her.

III

AFTER luncheon Billy had a quiet half-hour with the Colonel in the smoking-room.

Said Billy, between puffs of a cigar:

"Peggy's changed a bit."

The Colonel grunted. Perhaps he dared not trust to words.

"Seems to have made some new friends."

A more vigorous grunt.

"Cultured lot, they seem," said Mr. Woods. "Anxious to do good in the world, too—philanthropic set, eh?"

A snort, this time.

"Eh?" said Mr. Woods. There was dawning suspicion in his tone.

The Colonel looked about him. "My boy," said he, "you thank your stars you didn't get that money; and, depend upon it, there never was a gold ship yet that wasn't followed."

"Pirates?" Billy Woods suggested helpfully.

"Pirates are human beings," said Colonel Hugonin with dignity. "Sharks, my boy, sharks!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Summer Clearance Sale

ODD SIZES—REDUCED PRICES

ON THE FAMOUS

Ostermoor Mattress

Those of our readers who have done us the honor to visit our place of business when in New York know that we have probably one of the largest retail warerooms for the display of Mattresses and Brass and Iron Bedsteads that can be found in the country.

Specimen Mattresses were necessary on these bedsteads for exhibition purposes and naturally were the best that we knew how to make. Summer time is clearing time and we have just taken account of stock and desire to get rid of these so that a fresh assortment may be put in our showrooms for the brisk Fall trade to come.

We have also a large lot of samples in odd sizes which we have submitted in the securing of large orders for Colleges, Hotels, Hospitals, Steamship Companies, Palatial Steam Yachts, and the Governmental Service (the Government has bought more than 50,000 Ostermoors) which as you may readily see would be of odd sizes for these diverse uses.

We have decided to offer them at the following schedule of prices—a great reduction—to get them out of the way at once. This extraordinary offer is confined exclusively to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, *Collier's Weekly*, *Literary Digest* and *Public Opinion*.

Measure Your Bed—See Whether You Can Use One of These

These wareroom mattresses are in two parts—should cost 50 cents extra. Ticking: Mercerized French Art Twills, should cost $3.00 extra. *Standard* sizes.

			Regular	Sale Price
17	Mattresses	4 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	$18.50	$15.00
9	"	4 ft. x 6 ft. 3 in.	16.85	13.35
22	"	3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	15.20	11.70
14	"	3 ft. x 6 ft. 3 in.	13.50	10.00
4	"	2 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	11.85	8.35

These wareroom mattresses, two-parts, Satin finish ticking, should cost $2.00 extra. *Standard* size.

8	Mattresses	4 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	$17.00	$15.00
2	"	4 ft. x 6 ft. 3 in.	15.35	13.35
11	"	3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	13.20	11.70
3	"	3 ft. x 6 ft. 3 in.	12.00	10.00
7	"	2 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	11.35	8.35

Crib Mattresses, Satin finish ticking.

3	Mattresses	3 ft. wide, 5 ft. long	$10.90	$9.10
1	"	2 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. 6 in.	9.00	8.00

These wareroom mattresses, two parts, A. C. A. ticking, best plain, old fashioned blue and white. *Standard* size.

			Regular	Sale Price
26	Mattresses	4 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	$15.50	$14.00
19	"	4 ft. x 6 ft. 3 in.	13.85	12.10
8	"	3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	12.20	10.90
2	"	3 ft. x 6 ft. 3 in.	10.50	9.00
11	"	2 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	8.85	7.85

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4	Mattresses	5 ft. x 6 ft. 4 in.	$15.80
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4	"	4 ft. 8 in. x 6 ft. 6 in.	15.00
5	"	4 ft. 4 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	14.80
12	"	3 ft. 4 in. x 6 ft. 3 in.	12.80
7	"	3 ft. 3 in. x 6 ft. 2 in.	11.80
1	Sofa "	3 ft. 6 in. x 7 ft. 4 in.	12.80
16	Mattresses	3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft.	9.00
10	"	3 ft. 6 in. x 5 ft. 10 in.	8.90
1	Gymnasium mattress (one part)	12 ft. x 15 ft.	98.00
3	Crib mattresses	3 ft. x 4 ft. 10 in.	10.00

NOTE: We also have about 45 mattresses of assorted sizes (some in one and some in two parts) between those listed above. Space prevents giving full list.

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even if the entire lot is not sold. The filling is eight layers of OSTERMOOR sheets, all hand laid and enclosed within ticking entirely by hand sewing. The covering is either of our extra-priced, dust-proof, Satin-finished Ticking in linen effects or of beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills, in effective and serviceable color combinations, and some in A. C. A. ticking—which is the best old-fashioned, plain blue and white ticking made. If you have a preference in color, state the same and we will try our best to meet it, *but cannot guarantee to do so.*

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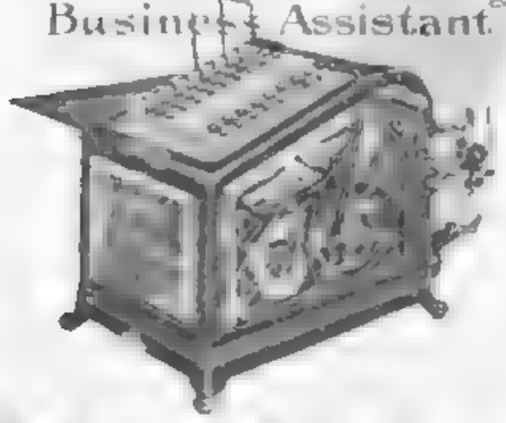

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The Fight off Santiago

Concluded from Page 31

York were on the opposite side of the quarter deck and appeared anxious to hear the incidents of the battle.

While they were being narrated the chaplain came over to that side and said, "Commodore, your work is not over yet! The Resolute has just arrived. Captain Eaton reports that there is a Spanish battleship on the coast, and the admiral wants to see you." Going immediately to where Admiral Sampson was sitting, Captain Clark was met. Sampson directed the Brooklyn and Oregon to go eastward to meet this supposed newcomer, and engage her. Before leaving the New York the suggestion was made to the admiral that all preparations had been made on the Brooklyn before his arrival for sending a force of mechanics, marines and seamen to take possession of the Colon in order to prevent injury. This suggestion arose from the fact that, on approaching the stranded ship, there had been seen perceptible evidence that things were being thrown overboard. The absence of a number of breech-blocks from the battery afterward clearly indicated that this inference was correct. It was believed that this destruction would not be confined to the guns alone, but that, in the state of demoralization at that moment on board her, advantage would be taken to destroy piping, pumps and other things easily injured or broken in the engine compartments.

Santiago and the Battle of St. Vincent

The incident of the visit made to the flagship on that third of July, after our signal victory, recalls another made after the great battle of St. Vincent, more than a hundred years before, when the immortal Nelson went on board the flagship Victory to present to his commander-in-chief, Sir John Jervis, the sword of the Spanish admiral. Nelson, in that battle, "wore ship," turning away from the Spanish fleet, and thus increased his distance from it by the tactical diameter of his vessel, instead of "tacking" and turning in toward the enemy. Grand old Jervis took Nelson in his arms, saying he could not thank him enough, but insisted that Nelson should retain the sword he had so valiantly won. The sequel is a matter of history, also, that Captain Calder, of the Victory, chief of staff, suggested to Admiral Jervis that night, in the cabin of the flagship, that Nelson had rendered himself liable to a court-martial for disobeying the "order of battle." The valiant old admiral is reported to have replied, "If you ever disobey orders in the same way I will forgive you."

But more significant still is the fact that this selfsame chief of staff, who had suggested to the admiral the liability of Nelson to court-martial for doing what was thought proper at St. Vincent, as a vice-admiral, afterward, in 1805, was deprived of his command of a fleet of some nineteen ships for failing to improve the opportunity, on June 22 of that year, to destroy the fleet of Villeneuve, which Nelson met, overwhelmed and almost annihilated four months later at Trafalgar.

The victory of July 3, at Santiago de Cuba, was even more decisive than St. Vincent or Trafalgar, in that every ship of the enemy was destroyed and the entire personnel, from the admiral to the least of the seamen, with few exceptions, was captured. It resulted in the expulsion of the Spanish flag from the waters of the American continent.

After receipt of the admiral's order to seek and engage the Spanish battleship reported on the coast, a hasty call was made alongside the Texas to obtain the services of her chaplain to bury poor Ellis. The commander of the second squadron then proceeded to the Brooklyn, which Cook soon had under way. Signal was made to the Oregon to "Follow the flag," and the Brooklyn proceeded at high speed eastward. It was observed in a short time that the Oregon did not follow, the inference being that she had been detained for some service by the admiral, who considered the Brooklyn quite sufficient for the work. It was held to be a high compliment to her officers and men, always ready and enthusiastic for any duty. If, as was stated afterward, it was known on the New York at the time that the reported stranger was not an enemy, then the question is pertinent why the Brooklyn should have been sent away at all.

About an hour after the Brooklyn left the Turquino River a vessel was descried to the eastward hastening to the westward. She proved later to be the Vixen, with Flag Lieutenant Stanton on board. She came alongside within close hailing distance, when Mr. Stanton reported that the smoke seen ahead to the eastward was that of the Pelayo; that he had gone close enough to distinguish her colors, and that he was sure she was this Spanish battleship. He was directed to go west and report to the admiral that the Brooklyn would go on to the eastward, meet and engage the Pelayo. While approaching this supposed enemy, with the crew at quarters for battle, the guns of the battery trained upon her, it must be confessed it was not easy to distinguish the colors she wore at the stern or masthead, the Spanish and Austrian flags being similar, the only difference existing in the color of the middle horizontal stripe, which in the Spanish flag is yellow, and in the Austrian white.

A Narrow Escape

Both ships were well in to the coast, and as several guns and gun mounts of the Brooklyn's starboard battery had been disabled in the three or more hours' fight in the morning, it was decided to fight the port battery and, as the Kearsarge and Alabama had done, in a circle. To do this distance had to be gained off shore by putting the helm again to port, to bring the enemy on the Brooklyn's port side, when, lo and behold! the enemy put her helm to starboard with the same intent—that is, to gain distance from the coast in order to meet the Brooklyn's move for more room in which to manœuvre. This movement appeared to fix the fact that she was looking for the Brooklyn.

As it was near dark, it was observed that the searchlights of the stranger were projected upward to her flags at the mastheads. But the Brooklyn, being in good point-blank range, no time was to be lost in giving the first blow. Accordingly, the order was given to Cook to "Stand by to begin firing." At this critical moment the signal officer, Ensign Edward McCauley, called out, "Commodore, she is making a signal!" This occurred not a moment too soon. The order to Cook, "Avast," averted a dreadful calamity, for a second later every gun of the Brooklyn's port battery would have hurled its message of death into another Infanta Maria Teresa, of the friendly power of Austria!

As soon as the vessel's nationality had been discovered the Brooklyn's guns were trained off, and she approached the friendly ship, whose commanding officer came on board, explaining that he had run the gauntlet from Daiquiri to seek the commander-in-chief in order to obtain permission to go into Santiago to carry out Austrian subjects. Though there was no objection to this, the presence of foreign warships at such times was an embarrassment to those who had to fight. It was suggested that it was doubtful if the enemy would permit him to enter the harbor, owing to the torpedo mines in the channel, and that it would be wiser to withdraw to sea during the night and not attempt to approach the line of the blockade, as the ship could not be furnished with the night signal countersign, and if the commander should attempt to do so without it he would surely be fired upon. The ship withdrew some twenty miles to sea for that night, and the next morning the enemy refused to allow it to pass the channel.

One of the incidents of the approach of these two vessels was that, as soon as the stranger's hull became visible, it was perceived that she was a turreted ship of the class of the Cisneros, or Carlos V. As the Pelayo was a barbette ship there was some belief that the Brooklyn would have an easier job. When her nationality became known there was some disappointment among the splendid crew of the Brooklyn for having lost a chance to prove their worth when alone.

Proceeding eastward, as it was felt that, with the commander-in-chief at the wreck of the Colon, the proper place for the second in command was before Santiago, the torpedo boat Porter, Lieutenant J. C. Fremont commanding, was met proceeding to the westward in quest of the commander-in-chief. From a signal at 4:25 from the New York to the Brooklyn, "Will remain in charge of prize," the information was given Fremont that the flagship was at the Turquino River.

The Brooklyn continued eastward, and about 10 P. M. passed the Viscaya still in flames. Just as the Brooklyn was abreast of her a heavy explosion occurred on board which was thought at the time to come from one of the magazines. It was her last salute to her old enemy.

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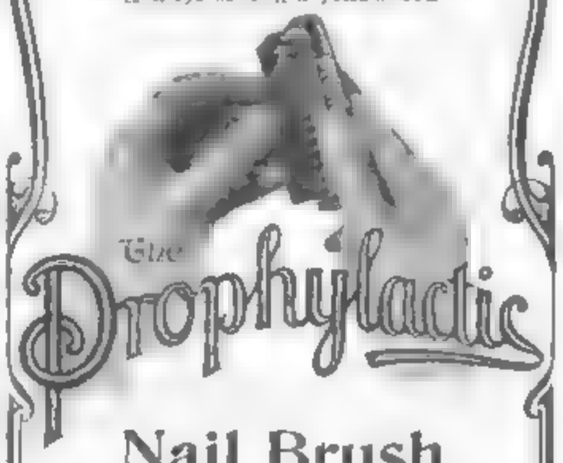

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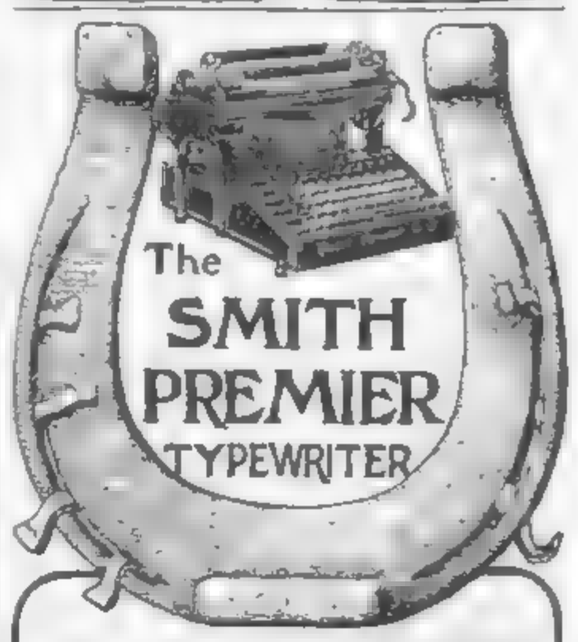

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

A NOVEL OF DIVORCE — The book that has been called the Uncle Tom's Cabin of a new evil.

¶ Why should any one write a novel of divorce, and does that mean a problem novel, and what is a problem novel, anyway, and why do writers continue to write them, and critics to abuse them, and readers to read them? It is too much to ask in one breath and expect an answer by the card, yet certain facts raise their faces to be named.

Let us take a typical instance in He That Eateth Bread With Me, by H. A. Mitchell Keays *(McClure, Phillips & Co.)*. It is not necessary for purposes of fiction that divorce should be treated as a problem; it has been shown by the masters that it has a larger aspect. At the least one recognizes in divorce defeat, perhaps sin, likely tragedy; and defeat is always interesting. "Why," asks a recent essayist on The Scarlet Letter, "why did Hawthorne choose this one theme—sin and its consequences—hardly ever putting pen to paper except to set down something bearing on it? Because," he answers, "it is the greatest theme, because it is a violation of the order of the world and is the defeat of humanity. It throws human nature wide open to our gaze; we look on the ruin and see man's greatness; on his misery and so uncover pity, which becomes a redeeming force. Nothing so interests men as their sins and defeats. Tragedy is born of them, and tragedy fixes evermore the steady gaze of mankind."

Sin and its consequences: that, then, is the theme of divorce, as the law of gravitation might be the theme of a geologist's discourse on the flow of a river—if there is to be any theme; for surely a happy divorce is, by its definition, no tragedy, and, by its solution, no problem. As the stream flows it encounters natural obstacles, dikes, dams, locks and weirs. Various interesting things happen to the stream because of these obstacles. They may even seem to determine its direction, which is, nevertheless, always toward the sea. The natural philosopher, though his first concern is with primary impulses, will note these changes and describe them. They are familiar to his hearers and they give his lecture human application and carry conviction with truth. But how if he should begin to quarrel with dikes and dike-builders, or, suddenly enthusiastic, to take sides with them and, anxious to shape the current to his own ends, begin to stop gaps and cut channels of his own? He might say much of interest, but would not his lecture suffer in unity? If his preoccupation carried him far afield would he not cease to be a geologist at all, and become an engineer or a miller? So with the novelist. His business is not to quarrel with, not even to meddle with, the order of Nature, but to expand and develop it—

. . . to shape
Effulgent Heaven and scoop out bitter Hell
From the little shine and saltness of a tear.

The stream of tendencies, that has its source and flow in the nature of its own being: he must go with the stream. Directly he turns the current against the wheel of theory, or spreads it thin to fatten the fields of morality, he becomes a problem novelist, a brother to the preacher, the orator and the lawmaker, and only cousin by marriage to the poet and philosopher. Whatever he gains of reward by this new alliance is alien to his own heritage.

One sees the quality of this reward in the quality of approval vouchsafed He That Eateth Bread With Me, which is distinctly a problem novel, and one of rather more than usual strength. The book has been called an Uncle Tom's Cabin of divorce—with reference, one supposes, to its arraignment of the convenience of the courts and the complaisance of the church. All the stress is laid on the solution of the problem—and it may be right and it may be wrong, and, either way, it has nothing to do with the story. For the most part it reads like a clever woman airing her observations, and inevitably it is a thing removed from the tragedy of divorce, which is essential in the fact, not the statute that proclaims it. The wronged wife is good—realized with conviction and truth—the best thing in the book. The husband is a shadow, existent only as a factor in the equation. The "other woman"—why is it that the "other woman" of feminine fiction, the

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woman—if one could take her on the author's terms—who should be inevitable, is so often merely to be stared at, smiled at incredulously, and left? One understands how Antony could think the world well lost for Cleopatra, and one could follow Manon Lescaut to her grave and love her more at every shameful step—but this Isabel! After all, perhaps the ladies are right, perhaps the Floras and Manons of the world are little better than clothes and complexion, shape and seeming, and their name and fame much more the creation of an inveterate idealism than the growth of their own selves. Be that as it may, Isabel of the book has for the reader none of the fascination he ought to feel if he is to sympathize with the infatuation of her lover.

These things apart—and they are admittedly a large part—there remains enough force to vitalize the story, and enough wit to keep it sweet. It merits the consideration that has been given it at some length as a typical example of a class of novels that by moral earnestness, strength of writing and intense partisan preoccupation with whatever subject is, for the moment, in debate, gain great immediate popularity, stir up much discussion, perhaps do much good, and, with the turning of the hour-glass, are put under the table and forgotten.

HOW TO KNOW THE BUTTERFLIES—
An admirable book for beginners in nature study.

¶ It is a pleasure to chronicle the advent of such an admirable volume of popular nature study as How to Know the Butterflies *(D. Appleton & Co.)*, by Professor John Henry Comstock and Mrs. Anna Botsford Comstock. The subject is delightful in its pursuit and its accompaniments.

Already the literature of American butterflies is a rich one, but it is in large part formidably technical or compressed within the rigorous limits of a manual. The authors of the present volume have believed that there is a place for "still another book, one that is richly illustrated without a confusing array of figures and species from remote parts of our country; one with brief descriptions of species, but sufficiently full so that the reader can definitely determine the species studied; and one that shall give the important facts of the lives of our butterflies." Accordingly there is, first, a general account of the butterfly, followed by a descriptive classification of the various species, with especial intent to aid the beginner who is uncertain of his identification, followed by a separate division devoted to the skippers, which, though commonly classed with the butterflies, the authors believe constitute a distinct superfamily. Forty-five plates made from life by the three-color photographic process accompany the text. The book wisely makes no attempt to be "literary," but reveals a sympathy with the unscientific aspects of its subject in the quotations.

¶ **MINOR MENTION: Miss Clara Barton,** the late president, has written A Story of the Red Cross *(D. Appleton & Co.)*. It contains a modicum of anecdotal and autobiographical material, apropos of which the author quotes, "I have lived much that I have not written, but I have written nothing that I have not lived." There are chapters on the early history of the organization, on the Texas famine and the Mount Vernon cyclone, '85-'88; Yellow Fever in Florida, '87; the Johnstown Flood; the Russian Famine, '91; the Sea Island Relief, '93; the Armenian Relief, '96; Cuba, '98; and Galveston.

¶ **As a Chinaman Saw Us** *(D. Appleton & Co.)* purports to be a selection "from the letters of a cultivated and educated Chinaman;" and a preface signed by Henry Pearson Gratton gravely informs the gaping reader that "since the publication, in 1832, of that classic of cynicism, The Domestic Manners of the Americans, by Mrs. Trollope, perhaps nothing has appeared more caustic or amusing in its treatment of America and the Americans." Perhaps—but it is news that Mrs. Trollope was amusing. She did not write a satire, but a savage and indiscriminating tirade of abuse. She had not delicacy of wit enough to be cynical. Her book is not a classic, but a landmark in discourtesy.

As for the Chinaman of these letters, the reader will find it difficult to believe that he has any existence outside the anonymous author's brain. The viewpoint is so little Oriental, so typically American, the satire so obviously a reflex of current criticism, that it is difficult to take him seriously. He has nothing new to say, and he does not say it in a new way.

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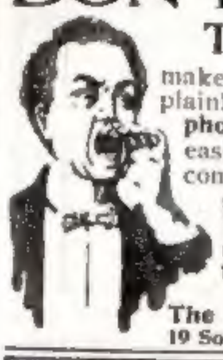

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